HOW TO EXTERMINATE A NATION

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"THE BLACK BOOK OF POLAND"
Reviewed by Stephen Naft

"INDIA WITHOUT FABLE"
By Kate Mitchell
Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard

"THE PRINCIPLES OF POWER"
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"SOVIET ASIA"
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"SONNETS TO ORPHEUS"
By Rainer Maria Rilke
Reviewed by George Zabriskie

KATE L. MITCHELL (author of "India Without Fable") "gives every aspect of the Indian crisis." . . . (See page 5)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

How to Exterminate a Nation

1. Poland

BY STEPHEN NAFT

WARNING to the reader:

Don't read this if you think that atrocity stories in this war are merely propagandist inventions to trick you into a sense of outrage—because this is about a book that is full of atrocity stories, not weak, half-hearted atrocity stories, but the real thing—stories that will sicken you, not so much because of their horror and their gore, but because it reveals the fiendish ability of the imagination to devise unique methods of wringing the last drop of pain out of the human species.

Such stories will have the effect of sharp needles cutting through whatever layers of apathy may exist in your conscience and your attitudes toward the war—unless, of course, you take the easy way out and say that these stories are the fictitious concoctions of the Polish Government. But there is only one thing wrong with that mental sedative: these stories happen to be authenticated in large part by the Nazis themselves.

"The Black Book of Poland"* is more, however, than a recitation of horrors. It is, in effect, an account of the attempt to exterminate a nation. For those reasonable souls who doubt whether in present times a whole nation can actually be destroyed physically, it might be pointed out that such things have happened before in history. Whether it will happen again will, of course, depend on the outcome or even on the duration of the present war. For evidence we refer you to the "Black Book," compiled by the Polish Ministry of Information, mainly on the basis of German official documents, photographs, and reproduction of posters and announcements of executions, etc. in German and Polish, placed on the walls of the cities by the German occupation authorities.

**BLACK BOOK OF POLAND. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 596 pp., and index. $3.*

(*Continued on page* 18)

2. Czechoslovakia

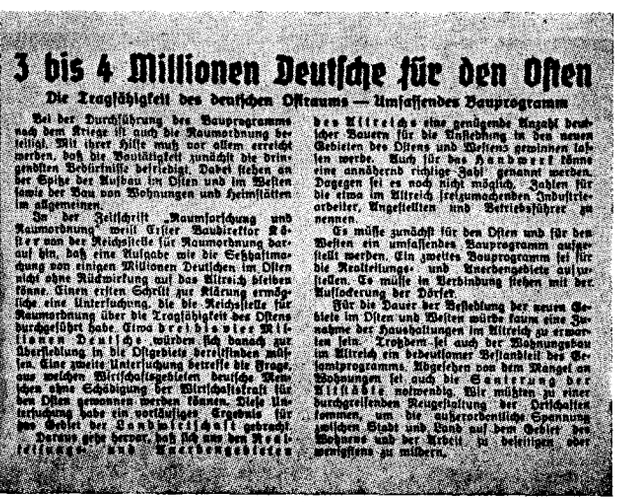
BY F. C. WEISKOPF

THE rattle of machine guns, killing the whole male population of the Czech village Lidice, aroused the whole non-fascist world. But the razing of Lidice is only one chapter in a savage history. There are other chapters, less spectacular but equally tragic. One of them deserves the special interest of both authors and readers of free books: it is the chapter dealing with the destruction of the culture of a small nation under Nazi "protection." As yet no Black or Brown Book has gathered the facts and analyzed the methods of this systematic campaign of the Nazis, but there is abundant material in a dozen general books on Czechoslovakia under the Nazis, in documents of the Czechoslovak government-in-exile, in articles published by the Czech papers in London (there are two monthly publications dealing with cultural problems, *Kulturni Zapisnik* and *Obzor*), and last but not least in the documents of the Nazis and their Quislings.

It was Emanuel Moravec, minister of education of the Czech Quisling government at Prague, who declared bluntly that "the Czechs must get their backbones straightened out by chasing the poison of so called culture and humanism." Going more into detail, he warned that measures of "severe brutality" would be adopted against "the intellectuals, artists, writers, and their kind who are disintegrating the Czech blood and are causing a decay of the sound and sane Czech body."

Words did not remain just words. The ranks of Czech writers have been actually decimated. Few non-Czech readers may have known what it meant when the name of Vladimir Vancura appeared on one of the lists of hostages shot after the attempt against deputy Reichs protector Reinhard Heydrich. "Vancura, Vladislav, 42, physician, Zbraslav near Prague," that was all the Nazis printed on the list. Yet the bullet that killed him killed a writer without whom modern Czech prose would not exist. One of the boldest cre-

German poster showing former Prime Minister Chamberlain being accused of responsibility by a Polish soldier for the desolation of his country.



3 bis 4 Millionen Deutsche für den Osten

Die Tragfähigkeit des deutschen Ostraums — Umfassendes Bauprogramm

Bei der Durchführung des Bauprogramms nach dem Kriege ist auch die Raumordnung beteiligt. Mit ihrer Hilfe muß vor allem erreicht werden, daß die Baufähigkeit zunächst die dringendsten Bedürfnisse befriedigt. Dabei stehen an der Spitze der Aufbau im Osten und im Westen sowie der Bau von Wohnungen und Heimstätten im allgemeinen.

In der Zeitschrift „Raumforschung und Raumordnung" weist Erster Baudirektor Dr. Meyer von der Reichsstelle für Raumordnung darauf hin, daß eine Aufgabe wie die Seßhaftmachung von einigen Millionen Deutschen im Osten nicht ohne Rückwirkung auf das Altreich bleiben könne. Einen ersten Schritt zur Klärung ermögliche eine Untersuchung, die die Reichsstelle für Raumordnung über die Tragfähigkeit des Ostens durchgeführt habe. Etwa drei bis vier Millionen Deutsche würden sich danach zur Übersiedlung in die Ostgebiete bereitfinden müssen. Eine zweite Untersuchung betreffe die Frage, aus welchen Wirtschaftsgebieten deutsche Menschen ohne Schädigung der Wirtschaftskraft für den Osten gewonnen werden können. Diese Untersuchung habe ein vorläufiges Ergebnis für das Gebiet der Landwirtschaft gebracht. Daraus gehe hervor, daß 150 000 aus den Realteilungs- und Anerbengebieten des Altreichs eine genügende Anzahl deutscher Bauern für die Ansiedlung in den neuen Gebieten des Ostens und Westens gewonnen lassen werde. Auch für das Handwerk könne eine annähernd richtige Zahl genannt werden. Dagegen sei es noch nicht möglich, Zahlen für die etwa im Altreich freizumachenden Industriearbeiter, Angestellten und Betriebsführer zu nennen.

Es müsse zunächst für den Osten und für den Westen ein umfassendes Bauprogramm aufgestellt werden. Ein zweites Bauprogramm sei für die Realteilungs- und Anerbengebiete aufzustellen. Es müsse in Verbindung stehen mit der Auflockerung der Dörfer.

Für die Dauer der Besiedlung der neuen Gebiete im Osten und Westen würde kaum eine Zunahme der Haushaltungen im Altreich zu erwarten sein. Trotzdem sei auch der Wohnungsbau im Altreich ein bedeutsamer Bestandteil des Gesamtprogramms. Abgesehen von dem Mangel an Wohnungen sei auch die Sanierung der Altstädte notwendig. Wir müßten zu einer durchgreifenden Neugestaltung der Ortschaften kommen, um die außerordentliche Spannung zwischen Stadt und Land auf dem Gebiet des Wohnens und der Arbeit zu beseitigen oder wenigstens zu mildern.

—*From "The Black Book of Poland."*

Article in the *Thorner Freiheit*, March 30, 1940, announcing settlement of three to four million Germans on Polish soil.

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ators of a new prose, if he had written in French, his name would have appeared with that of Malraux and Aragon, Gide and Valery. Often complicated in his expression, he was nevertheless full of humor, and always he was a fighter for the common man's right to dignity and *joie de vivre*.

There was another great Czech prose writer, Ivan Olbracht, whose novel, built about the noble brigand Nikola Shuhay, won him praise in many lands of Europe. He died "suddenly" some months ago. Before he died the Nazis had forbidden publication of his work.

The best representatives of Czech poetry, which ranked higher than that of many other European countries—Vit Nezval, Frantisek Halas, Jaroslav Seifert—are in concentration camps. For a year nothing has been heard of them. Two of the younger poets, Jan Cep and Vilém Zavada, were recently arrested. Josef Capek, the brother of Karel, a fine story writer and painter, is dying in the camp at Dachau. Durych, author of historical novels and mystical verse, has disappeared into a Gestapo prison. Kurt Konrad, editor of one of the leading magazines, *Tvorba* (Creation), was killed; Ferdinand Paroutka, editor of another big magazine, *Pritomnost* (Present), was crippled in prison.

Publishing houses have been closed in great number. The number of titles brought out in 1941 amounted to only forty per cent of those published in 1939. Most of the publishing houses are forced to bring out translations of Nazi authors in order to get permission to publish Czech authors. All publishing houses have to publish certain "must" books of "educational character"—that is Nazi literature.

By 1941 there were 1,600 titles on the Nazi index of Czech books. Among them was a collection of sermons by John Hus, famous religious reformer of the fifteenth century. Almost all translations of modern English, French, Russian, and American authors have been banned from the libraries and bookshops; works of Hitler, Rosenberg, Goebbels have been forced upon the members of the book clubs, and in some cases, people who have refused to take those books, have been arrested.

Public education has been savagely cut down. The already mentioned minister of education, Moravec, proclaimed his intention of doing away with "the overeducation of the Czech people." In 1939 all universities were closed for three years. Nobody doubts that they will not be reopened in 1943.

There were 211 secondary schools and colleges in Czechoslovakia. A fourth of them has been closed. In 1941 the Nazi Secretary of State, K. H. Frank ordered that only forty per cent of new students would be admitted; in 1942 the number was decreased to thirty-five per cent. Women are excluded.

More than 8,000 teachers of elementary schools had been killed or sent to concentration camps by the end of 1941. All teachers over fifty years were dismissed, the younger to be reëducated in special camps in Germany. The first camp of the sort was organized under the supervision of the Elite Guard at Rankenheim in Prussia, and to it Czech teachers were sent in groups of 500.

Art galleries have been robbed and purged in the same way as libraries. The Prague "Modern Gallery" known for its fine collection of Czech and French paintings has been closed. Everything in plastic and painting reflecting the will to survive of the Czech nation, has been destroyed or banished.

Music also has been curbed by the Nazis. The opera department of the National Theater at Prague is not allowed to perform certain works of Smetana. No concert program contains the Slavic dances of Dvorak. The modern composer Alois Haba was arrested for having produced "destructive music"; the young theater producer and composer E. F. Burian was severely wounded in a prison; playing and singing of old folk songs "of subversive character" is strictly forbidden, and people have been shot to death for violating this decree.

Nevertheless, Czech culture fights on. Many of the underground leaflets use verse as instruments for keeping the spirit of fight alive. In the theaters there are constant demonstrations in favor of actors who refused to become traitors. Other actors who took part in "collaboration work" are met with icy hatred. The Nazi controlled press had to publish several articles dealing with this kind of public reaction, speaking of "a real conspiration of the theater public."

Even the enemy has to admit that (to quote Quisling minister Moravec) "the reluctance of the Czech population, and especially of the intellectuals and artists, to accommodate themselves to the new order" is terrific. And in desperate rage he threatens the "incorrigibles" with new arrests, new executions, and "book burnings still unheard-of." Meanwhile underground leaflets go around with the words of the poet Peter Bezruc:

Come all, I say, you from Silesian land,
You who are lords of the shaft and pit,
The day is dawning when fire leaps up
And we take the seat of judgment.

THIS WEEK

Reviews

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Solubles and Insolubles in India

INDIA WITHOUT FABLE. A 1942 Survey. By Kate L. Mitchell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MISS MITCHELL has written just what was needed—a most intelligent and able survey of the Indian situation giving every aspect of the present crisis. Her desire to hold the scales even is evident on every page, but she does not withhold her criticisms. Her book is not only admirably arranged, with excellent workmanship, but is well and interestingly written and therefore should have wide recognition. All the essential documents and figures are to be found either in full or carefully summarized, but no one must think from this that it is a dry-as-dust text book, for it is not that—far from it. Every editor, every debater, everyone desiring to know the facts and something of the Indian personalities engaged in this struggle for freedom, upon which the outcome of the war may possibly depend, should possess this compact volume. With its background of knowledge any reader will be competent to pass judgment on events as they happen.

Miss Mitchell's opinions will not wholly please either the English or the Indians, and this is probably a measure of her effort to be fair and just. But her sympathy for the national aspirations of the Indians is complete. Thus, in her Epilogue, she rightly declares that:

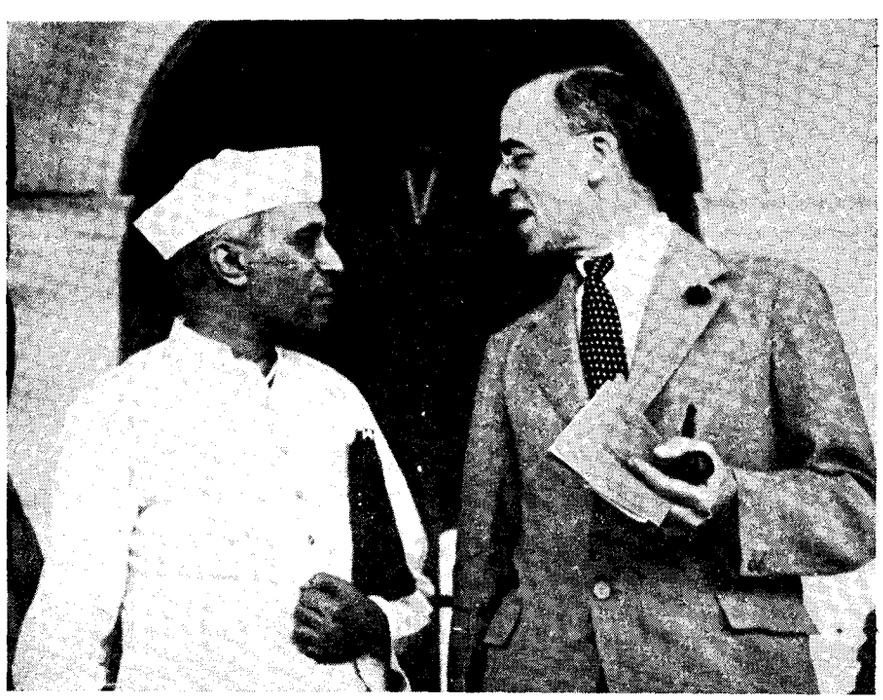
> It bodes ill for the achievement of a "people's peace" that nearly 400,000,000 citizens of the world should have no share in the winning of that peace, no incentive for making it a durable one, and no political education in the difficult task of self-government. . . . But the very process of participating in the war effort, of being trusted with responsibility for organizing popular resistance, would in itself do much to prepare the Indian people for the role they must play if the United Nations are in fact to build a world based on the principles of equal opportunity and freedom for all.

Miss Mitchell finds much to criticize in the attitude of the British, such as the retention in office of the reactionary Secretary of State for India, L. S. Amery, who in 1931 told the House of Commons that Britain should not censure Japan "for defending herself against Chinese nationalism!" She criticizes the lack of an Asiatic Charter to match the Atlantic Charter and the fact that London Tories "still deny the Indian people any share in the control of their government, and refuse to permit the organization of an Indian popular defense force."

Especially valuable are Miss Mitchell's sketches of the paradox of Indian economy and of the transformation of that economy, and her assaying of the benefits of British rule. While giving England full credit for what it has accomplished in the political field and for its achievements in the material field, she points out that the expenditure on administration, public works, the army and the debt service consumes approximately ninety per cent of the Indian budget, leaving only ten per cent for cultural and nation-building services. The annual per capita expenditure for education remains at only eighteen cents. A reduction of the death rate from twenty-six to twenty-four per thousand in the past fifty years is nothing to boast of, and the prevalence of disease in India continues appalling. Thus, Miss Mitchell says there are about 100,000,000 cases of malaria every year, of which not more than ten per cent get medical treatment.

While crediting the British claim that they have given to India railroads, highways, ports, telegraph, shipping, etc., and the basis for the industrialization of the country, Miss Mitchell points out that the economic development of India has none the less been arrested at a low level because of the colonial relationship to Great Britain, and she quotes Indian leaders to the effect that the Indian economic structure as now constituted is no longer constructive, but that it actually retards the development of the Indian economy. In discussing Lord Halifax's glib and skilful exposition of the English side of the Indian question for the benefit of the American audience, which he delivered on April 7, 1942 at the Town Hall in New York, she points out how carefully he "omitted all mention of the great mass civil disobedience campaigns, the acute economic distress, the limitations imposed on the development of Indian industry, and all the other social and economic issues which had led the Indian Nationalist movement to call for complete independence for India." His description of the financial relationship between India and Britain she terms "remarkably euphemistic," and she denies his claim that the Act of 1935 brought India to the threshold of full self-government, when in reality it just confirmed and enlarged the powers of an executive responsible solely to the British Government. It is needless to add that Viscount Halifax did not explain why the Indian Treasury has had to bear the cost of several of England's wars that did not concern India, and why it is that the Indian Treasury has had at times to support the Mediterranean fleet and to pay the costs of the British diplomatic service in Persia and other countries.

The Indians, on the other hand, do not escape scot-free at Miss Mitchell's hands. She insists that Gandhi is a political opportunist, that he has been supported by the reactionary large business interests and drawn his funds from them while also being the hero of the depressed people. She carefully



—British Press Service

Indian Visit, 1942. Sir Stafford Cripps consults with Jawarharlal Nehru.

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sets forth the most puzzling episode in Gandhi's career, the Civil Disobedience campaign of the winter of 1921-22. That campaign was on the point of succeeding—Lord Lloyd, then Governor of Bombay, said: "It came within an inch of succeeding." But Gandhi could no more control the passions of his followers then than he has been able to this summer, and when he heard that some of them had attacked the police at Chauri Chaura and killed twenty-two of them, he suspended the Civil Disobedience movement and substituted a safe program of limited agrarian reform. Nehru, it must be added, declared that the Chauri Chaura episode was merely an excuse and that the fact was that "Our movement, in spite of its apparent power and the widespread enthusiasm, was going to pieces," which certainly does not agree with Lord Lloyd's statement that if the Indians had taken the next step and refused to pay taxes, "God knows where we should have been!" This reviewer will be surprised if this portion of Miss Mitchell's book does not evoke some vigorous protests from Indian leaders in this country, but I do not think anyone will be able to deny her desire to portray the situation correctly.

Finally, Miss Mitchell thinks that the challenge posed by India directly places a great duty and responsibility upon the American people. She feels that the Americans must "assume the leadership in implementing the principles enunciated by the more far-seeing and progressive leaders of their country." She is entirely convinced "that no country can survive in a world half-slave, half-free." Hence her belief that India must have her freedom and, of course, her questionable assumption that the statements made by the leaders of the democratic nations, so far as they have gone in stating their objectives, are to be taken at face value. Again let it be recorded that Miss Mitchell has done a most valuable piece of work.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 444)

S. LANIER:
HYMNS OF THE MARSHES
(*SUNRISE*)

And invisible wings, fast fleeting . . . . . ,
Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free
Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—
. . . . . The east hath confessed
A flush . . . . . .
'Tis withdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn.

Ferrero on Political Legitimacy

THE PRINCIPLES OF POWER. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Theodore R. Jaeckel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 333 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

IF a contemporary physicist were to announce that he had discovered specific gravity or the principle of the pendulum, it seems likely that our best reporters and columnists would have their secretaries check up a bit, and bring to their attention the existence of Archimedes and Galileo. But when Professor Ferrero announces that he has discovered the principle of legitimacy hidden away in half-a-dozen pages of Talleyrand's "Memoirs," he gets praise as an original, refreshing, and profoundly realistic thinker. It may be true, as the late Lawrence J. Henderson liked to tell students of the history of science, that while the natural sciences display the steady accumulation of knowledge, the philosophical and social studies display no such cumulative growth, but merely the busy and endless round of a squirrel in a revolving cage. Those who devote their lives to the social studies like to feel that somehow, in spite of all, the cage does inch forward a bit, and it is therefore all the more discouraging to find that a distinguished thinker like Professor Ferrero has to crawl forward painfully over ground once cleared by Aristotle, Aquinas, Bacon, Burke, Maistre, and a number of his own countrymen, notably Machiavelli, Mosca, and Pareto.

If Professor Ferrero were a real forthright romantic genius who held that truth lies outside the bookish trash of the ages, and inside his own fermenting soul, he would probably make few converts among the publicists—though he might win a small and ardent band of pleasantly lunatic followers among the naturally enthusiastic. But he is a historian, and he has read a great deal, if spottily and a bit forgetfully, and he is all for building social order on the true lessons of history. Therefore one reads with a shock such statements as that "principles of legitimacy are not to be found in philosophy, in religion, in history, in law, or in any of the intellectual culture of the West." Professor Ferrero says he did not even suspect the existence of these principles until he was forty-seven. He also warns us that "we must not think of the absolute monarchies that existed before the Revolution as regimes of terror and force." Even in the United States, historians have long ceased to regard either Louis XIV or George III as cruel tyrants, and presumably Hollywood itself does not think that all French noblemen of the old regime should be played by actors combining the gifts of Mr. Basil Rathbone and the late Lon Chaney. And then Professor Ferrero makes the remarkable assertion, "According to current belief, every discovery and invention of science would be progress, while no religious advance would." The truth seems to be that Professor Ferrero combines a natural stock of irritable vanity about being original—a vanity almost poetic in depth—with the upbringing of a sectarian anti-clerical radical positivist of the late nineteenth century. He couldn't have read Burke, Maistre, or Aquinas, because they were on the positivist Index, and Mosca and Pareto were suspect of fascism after 1919; but even so, it is surprising that he missed Aristotle.

—Drawing by Betsy Graves
Guglielmo Ferrero

Since Professor Ferrero has outgrown his positivist upbringing and is on the whole on the side of the angels, he is certainly worth reading nowadays, when the devils are hard at work everywhere. It is probably true that his intense fervor of conviction, his apocalyptic station, his urgent sense of doom, will carry what he has to say to ears that will not listen to conventional academic tones. "The Principles of Power," published a few months ago in French in New York as "Pouvoir: les génies invisibles de la cité," is the concluding volume of a trilogy dealing with Napoleon, the settlement of 1815 at Vienna, and our modern tragedy, which to Professor Ferrero is the result of the failure of the Western World to solve the problems raised by the revolutions of the eighteenth century. Most of the ideas in this volume were already explicit in the second volume of the

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trilogy, reviewed in these pages in the issue of August 30, 1941.

Very briefly, and separated from the often acute and enlightening and always interesting historical illustrations and asides which accompany it, Ferrero's thesis in this last volume takes the following form: The habit of obedience to constituted authority is essential to an orderly society, in which alone the kind of decency we mean by such words as "civilization" can exist. Men do not commonly give such obedience out of reasoned belief that it is to their personal interest to obey, nor indeed from any other obviously rational motive. Nor do they obey by mere reflex action, as robots or social insects might obey. They obey, in a healthy society, because they are guided by the "genii of the city," the principles of legitimacy. In less metaphorical terms, they are conditioned by their upbringing to obey without thinking as a craftsman is conditioned to exercise the skills of his craft without thinking. The French Revolution and its sister revolutions broke down the aristo-monarchic form of legitimacy without completely substituting democratic legitimacy in its place, except perhaps in Britain and the United States. On the continent, men unable to obey from habit were obliged to obey from fear or from some compromise with fear; hence the illegitimate tyrannies of a Napoleon, a Mussolini, a Hitler, and the quasi-legitimate "Philippist" governments like that of Louis Philippe in France, or the Kingdom of Italy before Mussolini.

We shall not get civilization back, says Professor Ferrero, until we have based government all over the world on legitimacy and not on fear or compromise. That legitimacy he believes will be a form of democratic legitimacy. At this point, as so often in such books, we are put off with urgings—often eloquent urgings—instead of with concrete suggestions. It is as though the doctor had made a confident and sharp diagnosis of a disease, indicated that without therapeutic measures the prognosis was a lingering and horrible death, and then announced that all he could offer as a therapy was a sermon on the necessity of getting well. At that, the patient might recover. Only one could never be sure whether the sermon did it, or merely the course of nature.

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Backlog of the Soviet

SOVIET ASIA. By Raymond Davies and Andrew Steiger. New York: Dial Press. 1942. 368 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

EACH newspaper headline today is a tragic post-mortem on yet another bit of Soviet soil. It is also a reminder that Russia's resources are decreasing at a dangerous pace. If Russia is to survive, she must find a way, somewhere and somehow, to make up for the grain, coal, oil, and the industrial equipment lost in the past fifteen months.

Two correspondents—the Canadian Raymond Davies and the American Andrew Steiger—now suggest Siberia as the answer to Soviet prayers. Both have worked in Russia, and have had access to sources of information not ordinarily open to non-Russians. This information, supplemented by personal travel observations, they now proffer in a fat volume of unequal value.

The authors picture a land of fabulous wealth—and still more fabulous progress under Soviet direction. Metallurgists seeking iron in the Urals by error drill a little deeper than intended. When they examine the drill core, they find copper with an admixture of gold. On the western slopes of the Urals, there are now active oil fields described as the "second Baku."

Magnitogorsk, a Soviet-built city of 200,000, is one of the world's greatest pig iron centers. In Sverdlovsk there is a machine plant employing 20,000. The world's largest railway car building works sprawl over the brand new town of Nizhnii-Tagil. Cheliabinsk has one of the world's great tank plants, which in peacetime turned out 50,000 tractors a year.

Beyond the Urals stretches land of even more fabulous wealth. In western Siberia there is a single metallurgical concern turning out more pig iron and steel than Canada's entire pre-war output or half of Japan's present production. The once-sleepy republics of Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, and Kirkhizia today produce vast quantities of cotton, rubber, and grain.

Of necessity, for the canvas is so huge, the story is sketchy. Yet, the picture drawn by the authors is fascinating for its color, its little-known information, the promise it holds for Russia's distant future. The constant effort to tell the story in terms of the little man who inhabits and develops this vast territory adds to the general interest of the book.

Yet, the reader will end the book unconvinced that Siberia is capable of supporting a major army in the field. Some of the astronomical figures supplied by the authors refer to estimates of potential output, not to actual production. Even they do not deny that industrially the Soviet Asia is still backward, or that the region is not yet self-sustaining. Ten years from now, Soviet Asia might be one of the world's industrial centers. Today, it offers mainly vast spaces to which the Red Army and the refugee industrial plants can retire to lick their wounds.

Like so many works on Russia, the book also suffers from an overdose of praise for the Soviet system. Such laudatory generalities are introduced even when the authors present overwhelming factual evidence of Soviet achievement. The result is the weakening of the very case the two writers are trying to present.

Such propaganda and some of the far-fetched conclusions notwithstanding, the book contains a wealth of information that none can afford to ignore. "Soviet-Asia" could be made a useful companion to the daily newspaper.

—From "Shooting the Russian War."

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Voices of Destruction

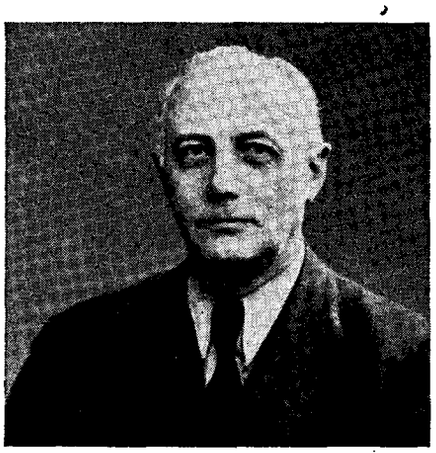
MEN OF CHAOS. By Hermann Rauschning. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 341 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

"HE'S got us all caught in his web," said Fritz Thyssen of Hitler. Like agriculturist Rauschning, industrialist Thyssen had come into the Nazi parlor. In "Men of Chaos" Rauschning shows us Thyssen and many other German flies, great and less great, as they approach the Nazi web or struggle in its network. And even those who got into it with "desperate repugnance" served to fatten spider Hitler.

This newest of Rauschning's books reports his talks with the men whose words, in his judgment, best characterize the Nazi revolution. These include leading Germans of the pre-Nazi period as well as praetorian guardsmen like Goering, Goebbels, and Hess. He has little time for "Ley the Swiller, Funk the Fleshy Financier, Streicher the Jew man and fat Baldur." They are sham revolutionaries. But "gentle Heinrich" Himmler, Darre, Koch, and Frick speak at considerable length, conjuring up races, continents, eras, and civilizations, with the magic of their revolutionary techniques. By contrast with these cold-blooded political Aladdins, Machiavelli's Prince seems a naive and rather genial small-timer.

The Rauschning dictagraph records the speech of other prominent Germans, among them "revolutionaries against the grain" Schacht and von Papen, diplomats von Neurath and Rosenberg, industrialist Thyssen, engineer Todt, and Generals von Brauchitsch, von Blomberg, and von Fritsch. No two of the conversations portray the same type of Nazi mind. But their keynote is cynicism. And through them runs the leit motif most practically expressed by a general staff officer, "A revolution is a damned good thing if you know how to use it."



Hermann Rauschning is really a Junker at heart.

As Rauschning sets them down, the dialogues constitute a psycho-philosophical case history of Nazism. The impersonal technical radicalism of the young Nazi staff officers, Schacht's proposed synthesis of private initiative and public control, Todt's technicalized human society, Koch's American program of "enforced and regulated blessedness," Forster's fanatical anti-Slavism, Darre's paganized peasantry, the renaissance revolutionism of Goebbels—each highly personalized topic of conversation fits into the pattern of the swastika mosaic.

These are no coffee-house chats; they are the stuff of which Nazism is made. They furnish the key to many world important events of the past decade—quite possibly of the next one. They account for a foreign policy that formulated the Russo-German pact and later made war on Russia. They explain the military strategy of the air war on England. They are especially significant for us in that the United States is heavily outlined on the Nazi blueprint of universal revolution.

In "Men of Chaos" Rauschning exchanges no views with Hitler. But out of the nightmare of hierarchical feuds and phantasmagoric schemes the Fuehrer emerges the ablest revolutionary of them all. We get a self-portrait of Rauschning that shows him to be no revolutionary, but apparently a Junker at heart. This is a highly revealing book. But Rauschning has his blind spots. He fails to see the Junker in perspective.

The Streamlined Vikings

COMMANDO ATTACK. By Gordon Holman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 258 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROGER SHAW

OUTSIDE of the aviators, the British and Imperial Commando units are perhaps the most spectacular and dramatic outfits of this war. Tanks hardly reek of romance, and neither do naval actions which are fought hundreds of miles apart—by bomb-carrier pigeon, as it were.

The only trouble with the Commandos is the name. It comes from the Boer war of 1900, and originally denoted embattled Dutch farmers, with horses and covered wagons, on the South African veldt. The present-day Commandos function entirely differently. Their historical precedent is that of the old Norse Vikings. The Vikings raided by night in their longboats or "snakers." They would dart into a coastal cove or harbor, ravage the countryside, take prisoners, and then return to the galleys and row away: hit and run tactics. Like Viking, like 1942 Commando. Military science, not fancy, dictates this comparison.

Gordon Holman is an English newspaper man who has accompanied the Commandos on their raids, as a war correspondent. He distinguishes between the Old British army, which was (in a sense) dissolved by Dunkirk, and the New British army, including the Commandos, which has taken its ancient and honorable place. The author lived, for months on end, with the Old B.E.F. army of 1939, in France and Belgium. He knows his subject. The raids at Lofoten and St. Nazaire are perhaps the high points in his exciting book, which is of the same general type as W. L. White's recent work on our own motorboating "Expendables" of the Philippine operation.

The Commando book has fifteen excellent pictures by "British Official Photographs—Crown Copyright." The text is packed with adventure, and a certain amount of concrete information as well. The Commando men do not care to be considered as "glamour boys," and are tough but basically kindly. Their rough equivalents were Ludendorff's St. Quentin *Stosstruppen* of March 21, 1918—the men who shattered Gough's Fifth army. Like the old *Stosstruppen,* the new Commando men apparently really like to fight, and recruits compete eagerly for Commando enlistment. One Commando outfit covered 63 miles in 16 hours, and then went avidly to a dance. Here, they performed lightly and fantastically for another three or four hours. Such is gallant youth!

The Council on Books in Wartime has issued the following reminder about Christmas packages for members of our armed forces abroad: It must not be more than 11 pounds in weight or 18 inches in length or 42 inches in length and girth combined. It is preferable to keep it to the size of an ordinary shoe box and to keep the weight to six pounds. It should not be perishable, inflammable, intoxicating, or poisonous.

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A Biographer Manquée

VIRGINIA WOOLF. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace Co. 1942. 40 *pp.* $1.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH. By Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace Co. 1942. 248 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

VIRGINIA WOOLF's dominant interest in life was people. It is no paradox to say this interest prevented her from ever being a great novelist—great, that is, as Jane Austen, Dickens, Turgeniev, or Balzac are great. For the great novelist, however absorbed he may be by men and women, is dominated by his passion to control, to conduct, to present them: his creatures may escape from him, they do, if he is a great novelist, "come alive" and seem to do as they please, but it is within the pattern he has contrived for them. Virginia Woolf, a great innovator in style, who has had great influence on modern novel writing, could not, even in imagination, make a pattern to which she could expect real people to be faithful: her real passion was for biography, as she shows clearly enough in the essay in this last book of hers—"The Art of Biography." Into this art she adventured three times: "Flush," the life-story of Mrs. Browning's spaniel, "Roger Fry," the life of a dear friend whose main preoccupations she valued because they belonged to him, and that fantastic, triumphant, splendid failure, "Orlando."

To return to "The Art of Biography." A biographer manquée—had she had a suitable subject and the energy to deal with it, she might have written a biography to rival James Boswell's—she decided that biography is not an art but a craft; thus dismissing as in some ways inferior to the novel an art in which she might have excelled.

Mr. Forster, whose essay is a tribute to a great friend and a great artist, understands biography so little that he praises the "Roger Fry"—not that it does not deserve praise—because it "reveals a new aspect of her powers, the power to suppress herself." The great biographers—Virginia Woolf lists only three—Boswell, Lockhart, and Johnson—are notable because they do not suppress themselves: a great biography is a love affair, and it is a tragedy that so often the one who has the love affair in life—Catherine Blake, for instance—has no art to express it.

Much of Virginia Woolf's essay is occupied with her friend Lytton Strachey. She sees clearly enough that his *magnum opus* is "Queen Victoria"; she is too kind to "Eminent Victorians" and attempts to excuse the crashing failure of "Elizabeth and Essex" by the quite unfounded statement that "very little was known" about Elizabeth, which only shows that she, the eighteenth century daughter of that eighteenth-century-minded rationalist Leslie Stephen, shared Lytton Strachey's narrow prejudice against the lusty, violent, over-colored age of Elizabeth and James.

"The Death of the Moth" will take its place with the two volumes of "The Common Reader." Here, in the essays on Madame de Sévigné, on Horace Walpole, on Walpole's friend Cole, on Gibbon, in the delightful piece "Jones and Wilkinson," Virginia Woolf displays her genius, second only in our time to Max Beerbohm's, for the interpretative presentation of men and women. There is warmth and wit in her writing, and at moments, as in the shorter papers on Shelley and Coleridge, a rare, wondering tenderness towards great men of whom she could not quite approve, whom she did not altogether understand. Not to understand does not matter if the observer recognizes that inability, and has a gentleness of approach to the odd denizens of a world which can only, by her, be visited, not inhabited.

Mr. Forster emphasizes that as a feminist Virginia Woolf "felt herself to be not only a woman but a lady"; and he calls her a snob. I cannot agree with this second judgment, unless the mere recognition of one's social position—whether it be a gain or a disadvantage—is to be reckoned as snobbery. All I can see in "Three Guineas," in some of the essays in "The Death of the Moth," is the author's honest recognition that she was a particular kind of woman, bred in a certain way, used to a certain society, at home there and not so at home elsewhere. There is in her writing no trace of condescension to women whose lives and breeding were different. Her feminism was based not on gentility or privilege but on a firm conviction that women, the common woman, was less gullible, less vain, less given to parade and herd-instinct and the destructive instinct than are men, the common man. She may have been right or wrong, but her conclusions do not depend on a social order in which one class dominates another.

The earliest essay in this book was written in 1919—the latest in 1940. They show that delicacy, that subtle adjustment to her subject, that exquisite nicety of appraisal which always marked her approach to life. Some critics complain that her scope is narrow, that she did not know enough kinds of people. It is an idle complaint: there is nothing about Napoleon in Jane Austen's novels, except by indirection. An artist can excel in exploration, sincere searching of one mind, historical or imagined, and tell us more of the world than can an army of chroniclers. Virginia Woolf's most characteristic books might all have been given a general title "Beyond the Fact": it was there she desired to arrive, and it is a hard journey even for a poet. She lived for, and believed in, ideas, in ideas embodied in men and women: for them she could be passionate, and in her last essay—"Thoughts on Peace in an Air Raid," written in August, 1940, she expresses her belief that "there is another way of fighting for freedom, without armies; we can fight with the mind. We can make ideas that will help the young Englishman who is fighting up in the sky to defeat the enemy. . . . 'I will not cease from mental fight', Blake wrote. Mental fight means thinking against the current, not with it." In that conflict she worked; in that conflict she died, leaving to those who love her work an encouragement to continue the task, however weakly and unworthily.

Virginia Woolf could not make a pattern to which she could expect real people to be faithful.

R. Ellis Roberts's literary criticism for many years appeared in "The New Statesman and Nation," and other English periodicals.

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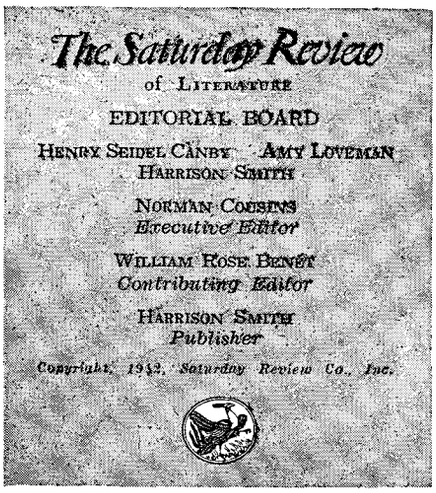

TO WRITERS: WRITE NOW

CONSIDER perspective. For the historian, the whole of the English language knows no more beautiful word. It is his Holy Water, his First Cause, his Great Imperative—all rolled into one. With it, he feels his existence justified, his profession sanctified. Without it, he fears that the *lex non scripta* of scholarship may come tumbling down around his ears. Little wonder that so many of our historians and writers are holding back today, waiting for the tornado to blow itself out and all the pieces to settle before they take a good, long look at what has happened and sit down to write about it.

But sacred cow or not, perspective as a first principle is neither infallible nor invulnerable. The writer who waits for the historical landscape to take rounded shape before describing it sometimes misses the individual colors for the overall blend. The equivalents of these colors are human attitudes, emotions, reactions, reflexes—the living atmosphere of any period in history.

These are the colors that too often fade out or run together when viewed from the distance of years. The economic, political, diplomatic, and military factors tend to become highlighted when viewed in retrospect, simply because those phases of history can be measured and evaluated in terms of actual documents and statistics, while the moral and ideological and emotional issues become somewhat obscured.

Even the memory can often play strange tricks after the lapse of a few years. We need go back no further than the years immediately following the first World War, when we saw almost everything through the filter of economic determinism, and condemned ourselves for being dragged into a war which could have been averted simply by passing a law against it. Our literature of the nineteen twenties was the literature of recrimination, drawing its sustenance from the effects of the war but ignoring the reason for those effects, and failing to comprehend the moral dimensions of the period. And so we glorified the pacifist, condoned the draft dodger, made heroes out of the Claude Kitchins and all the others who were supposed to represent the only sane minds in the country. We told ourselves that it wouldn't have made any difference if Germany had won the war. Perspective enabled us to say that.

Yet today we have a better understanding of the first World War and our part in it than at any time since the end of that war. Pressed on all sides by reality, as we are today and as we were twenty-five years ago, we know what it is to fight for our lives. We are not disposed to belittle the boys who are doing the fighting and the dying. We don't talk about the war as a put-up job by the money-changers. Nor do we still say that wars settle nothing. We know only too well what will be settled should we lose. And we can look back on the first World War and condemn—not our part in it, but our failure to make the most of the opportunity given to us by the peace.

But isn't this just another perspective on World War II? Perhaps, but it is even more the re-creation of the atmosphere of a generation ago in the problems and crises of the present. There is an affinity between the two periods, and we see familiar sights and hear familiar sounds we had almost forgotten existed, or whose existence we had denied. History, like a ride on the ferris wheel, has come down to earth again. Perhaps that is why history is constantly being rewritten. Each age develops its own affinities or antagonisms or apathies for the past, and not necessarily a new perspective in the sense of the long view.

That is why we say to writers: write now. Write about the human atmosphere, about the moods and the morals and the emotional forces of the present. Don't be afraid of abstractions; don't be afraid of appearing sentimental or sticky—if this is a war where it's win or be crushed, say it—say it so emphatically that the next generation and we ourselves won't look back and wonder what all the shooting was about.

N. C.

Lest the People Perish

By Harold Pulsifer

LET us look on our dead—
How they died—
Where they fell.
Deny not our pride
In the blood that they shed
In the fury of Hell.

Do you fear?
You shall hear
Like surf on the shore
The palpitant roar
Of a million mouthed cry:—
"Let us meet, eye to eye,
Death's cavalcade,—
There is no soul afraid!"

These were brothers, and lovers,
and sons!
The insatiate guns,
The jungle, the sea,
The desert, the glacier's path,
Consumed in black wrath—
Would you have us be blind—or
be free?

None sees for the blind—
Can the dark know the light?
If we battle to bind
The terror of night
We must know, we must live
With no fold for our eyes.
Here none dares forgive
The poison of lies!

Is faith then so small—
Is trust then so weak,
That you tremble to speak
Lest we crumple and fall?
Oh lift up your faces
Men in high places!
If truth be no meat
For helots to eat
It is meat, it is wine
For those who divine
That the breath of the free
Is incense for God.
Uncover the sod—
Wherever they bed:—
Let us see!
Let us look on our dead!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

History and Education

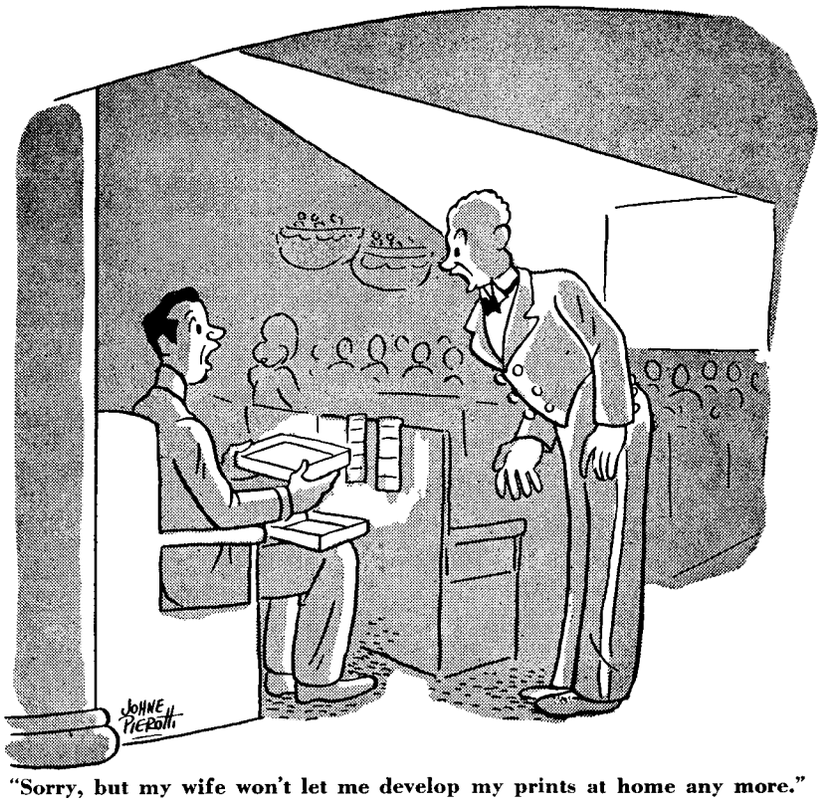
SIR:—Since the Review has "gone historical" recently, with leading articles on "History and Prediction" and "Do We Learn from History?" and also an editorial on "History in Our Colleges," perhaps you will permit a few comments in your letter column from an historian.

Crane Brinton's "History and Prediction" was good. It was followed a week later (September 5th) by Mary Colum's "Do We Learn From History," which scarcely touched the subject, and worse yet showed little grasp of the historical events involved. Don't misunderstand me; I very much approved of the article as a review of Elizabeth Bowen's book, and as a commentary on recent Irish authors and authoresses. But as an elucidation of the very interesting question chosen as the title, it was a terrible letdown.

In the same number appeared A[my] L[oveman]'s editorial pleading for "a general survey course in the history of the United States" in every college and university. She urges it because it is being considered in California, and (more cogently) because "the whole world is in solution and the problems to be settled at the end of the war will demand everything that can be had of understanding and knowledge." Furthermore our soldiers are being oriented by courses on the techniques of war, the histories of the combatant nations, etc., and colleges should do as well for their graduates. All of this is to the good, but it leads to a logical conclusion that is diametrically opposite to that of Amy Loveman, and the California historians from whom she gets her cue. What we need today (and what the soldiers are getting) is not more national history, but more international, world, global history. We already have too many courses in the isolationized history of the United States. For decades, all through the grades and in high school, our future citizens have been taught the history of the United States, and usually as the story of God's chosen nation, a democratic super-race. It is high time that our educational system as a whole, and our history teaching in particular, moved out of the provincialism of isolationism and into the realistic light of internationalism. College freshmen are not lacking in United States history so much as in World history. A few years ago, in a survey of university freshmen and their background of high school history, I was amazed to learn that, whereas almost all of them had taken at least a year of American history and government, very few had ever had a course in European or World history. Shall we prepare for the post war era by studying more United States history? Shall we abolish it? Obviously neither. I know of a university that has worked out the logical solution; the history of the United States as a part of World history. The required course, and textbook, for freshmen at the University of North Carolina has been worked out by Professor Carl Pegg and colleagues; Crofts publishes the book. I wish, dear editor, that you would investigate this angle of history teaching, and write a follow-up editorial. And, if you are committed to historical leading articles, couldn't you get your reviewers to call their shots more accurately, and perhaps less historically?

LOREN MACKINNEY.

University of North Carolina,
Chapel Hill, N. C.



"Sorry, but my wife won't let me develop my prints at home any more."

Formula to Avoid K.P.

SIR:—The Army has its share of "reconstructed but unregenerate" rebels. A boy we know—a Leland Stanford, Ph.D—was pretty acidulous toward the peasants with whom he happened to be drafted. The big problem at the average induction center is to nip goldbrickers in the bud (the Army has a more colorful, if more profane name for them). This boy was probably the most educated gold-bricker of them all. Safest place he could find to dodge details was deep under his barracks, a cool if dusty lounge where one could continue one's intellectual pursuits. Imagine his embarrassment when his Corporal caught him there one day. To the Corporal's question "Whatcha doin' under there, sodjer?" he could at first answer only the truth, "Reading the *Saturday Review of Literature.*" But recovering quickly our hero saw his opening for the thrust, and in his most English voice continued, "You are familiar with the *Saturday Review of Literature,* I presume." He's pretty proud of that come-back, of course. It's the only reason the story got out.

ROBERT STRAUSS.

4th Provisional Squadron,
Daniel Field,
Augusta, Georgia.

Niceboys at Random

SIR:—Certainly your contributor Mr. Bennett Cerf is one of the smoothest, easiest, most unobtrusively witty columnists who ever crooked an elbow at Jack Bleeck's. His piece on Gertrude Stein (September 5) should be printed as a special foreword in each of the 2,500 copies of her anticipated "Mrs. Reynolds." Although most authors would take exception to so candid an appraisal, Gertrude is certain to take it with her customary good grace. I recall with amusement speaking to her after one of her American lectures, introducing myself as a friend of her distinguished if unpredictable publishers, Bennett Cerf and Donald Klopfer. The result was that I was nearly blown out of the hall by her booming "Sure, you betchas! Niceboys, niceboys!"

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

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TRADE WINDS

THE NEW YORKER Magazine ran a one-column advertisement in its November 22, 1941 issue that it isn't going to forget in a hurry. It was an advertisement that proclaimed the virtues of a card game called "The Deadly Double," but after Pearl Harbor, people all over the country, for reasons that will be explained, began to read very sinister meanings into it. Here is the story, with all the trimmings.

In the early Fall of 1940, an amiable gentleman named Roger Paul Craig advanced the thesis that he could promote a new game into a national institution without so much as removing his posterior from a comfortable chair in a midtown office. He picked the *New Yorker* to carry his message to the public, and because he christened his outfit the Monarch Publishing Company, Joseph Flanagan was sent to help him map his campaign. Joseph Flanagan sees all publishers for the *New Yorker*. When Joseph Flanagan gets one foot inside the door, it is a wise publisher who signs for six pages fast and saves breath for other encounters.

Roger Craig showed Flanagan his game, which turned out to be a close relative of parchesi and monopoly. Craig called it "The Deadly Double" and a few caustic connoisseurs have suggested that when he chose the word "deadly" he wasn't kidding. Other parlor-game addicts rave about it. Flanagan beamed while Craig laid out a modest advertising campaign that extended straight through the Fall, 1940, season, and into the early Spring of 1941. Craig became interested in other things at this point, and it was November before he again got round to his "Deadly Double."

Flanagan pointed out that this was dangerously late for the inauguration of a Christmas campaign, and opined that only sensational copy could save the day. Craig agreed. His ad for that famous November 22nd issue was headed "ACHTUNG! WARNING! ALERTE!", and the copy began "we hope you'll never have to spend a long winter's night in an air-raid shelter, but we were just thinking, 'it's only common sense to be prepared'." Scattered through the other pages of the issue were fifteen little "teaser" ads calling attention to the main announcement just described. These teaser ads repeated the "Achtung" heading, and pictured two dice that are part of the game's paraphernalia. One of the dice showed a double cross and the number twelve on its exposed faces. The other showed a zero, the number five, and the number seven. Can you see how easily these advertisements might be interpreted as a warning to enemies within our borders that an attack (the double cross) was planned for December (the twelve), and that the "zero" date would be either the fifth or the seventh?

Raoul Fleischmann, the genial publisher of the *New Yorker*, didn't realize that he was the storm-center of the first spy hunt of the new war until letters and telephone calls began streaming into his office from every part of the country, beginning "Say, do you fellows know that in your November 22 issue . . . ?" The first bloodhound to pick up the scent, incidentally, was Frank Frasier, then advertising manager of Lippincott's and now a Captain in the United States Army. A few days later the rush was on, and from Sands Point to California people began offering fantastic premiums for copies of the issue that contained the ads. Mr. Fleischmann decided that enough was enough, and very sensibly wrote direct to the F. B. I. in Washington. This was his letter:

February 27, 1942.

Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

At the risk of seeming as silly as the story I have to tell you, I wish to report that a certain group of advertisements run in our magazine in the issue of November 22, 1941 is purported to be a code message to our enemies within our country notifying them in advance of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The advertisements refer to a game called "The Deadly Double."

I am enclosing with this letter the advertisements which appeared on several pages of the issue in question. The main advertisement appears on page 86, while all the others are of the old time-honored teaser type to insure the reading of the main advertisement.

As I gather it, the use of the German "Achtung" is rather ominous and the zero on the one die refers to the zero hour, and that the 5 and 7 mean to convey that the attack is to take place sometime between the 5th and 7th of a certain month. You will find a 12 on the other die and that, presumably, shows what month the attack is to take place. There is doubtless a great deal more, but that is all I know.

For your information I wish to tell you that the Monarch Publishing Company is an unincorporated business, properly registered, and operated by Roger Paul Craig at 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Incidentally, Mr. Craig knows about and approves of my writing this letter.

I might add that this same game was advertised in five issues of the *New Yorker* in the autumn of 1940 and is and has been on sale in several of our leading stores.

I would be interested to hear from you on this subject, as it seems to me that after you have checked up on both Mr. Craig and ourselves and given us the go-ahead, we might very readily tell the story in our own pages as an example of witch hunting, 1942 model.

Awaiting word from you, I am,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) R. H. Fleischmann
Publisher

THE DEADLY DOUBLE

The official insignia from the famous "Deadly Double" advertisement in the *New Yorker Magazine* of November 22, 1941.

This advertisement, from the *New Yorker* Magazine, November 22, 1941, with the cryptic numerals on the dice, was interpreted by some to indicate that the zero (o) hour for the surprise attack (or double X), on America would be December 7 (7) at five o'clock (5). The advertisement was supposed to be a secret Pre-Pearl Harbor warning to alien agents in this country.

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On March 9th, J. Edgar Hoover answered the *New Yorker* as follows:

Dear Mr. Fleischmann:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter dated February 27, 1942, with which you transmitted several pages from the November 22, 1941, issue of your magazine on which appeared advertisements for the game called "The Deadly Double."

You may be interested to know this matter was brought to my attention some time ago and was immediately subjected to appropriate inquiry. It was found, however, that the game had been developed by an established group, was being distributed through regular retail channels, and that the items of suspicion were merely coincidental. Should you proceed with the story you mentioned on this matter, I would like to suggest that you do not include anything which would ridicule or discourage private individuals who report to this Bureau their suspicions, no matter how innocuous the object might seem to others.

I do want you to know I am most appreciative of your thoughtfulness and courtesy in referring this matter to me.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) J. Edgar Hoover

Officially, the case was closed—and Mr. Hoover's sage counsel at the end of his letter wound it up on just the proper note. Apparently, however, this is one of those stories that will not die. We heard it at a dinner party only a few weeks ago, and a radio program referred to it again a few days later.

Joe Flanagan produced the data for this piece at the point of a gun, not neglecting to inject a few pointed references to Random House advertising as he handed it over. He tells us that Mr. Craig is still sitting at his desk marvelling over the mess of trouble that he unwittingly cooked up for everybody concerned. "The Deadly Double" is still on the market, but sales are not exactly sensational. "In fact," admitted Mr. Flanagan sadly, "the whole affair didn't seem to add anything at all to 'Deadly Double's' popularity!"

We suggest that Raoul Fleischmann send out copies of this column hereafter to people who make inquiries about the episode. The circulation department will whip up quantity discounts at the drop of a hat. Ah there, Flanagan, we've sold things in our day, too! . . .

WE UNDERSTAND that a special committee has been formed to present the keys of the town to the first foreign correspondent who returns to New York without the manuscript of a book stuffed into his briefcase. So far the committee is as idle as that noted seasonal worker who confined his efforts to selling smoked glasses with which to observe total eclipses of the sun. The most promising of the latest crop of war reports are a book about Japan by Otto D. Tolischus, *New York Times* representative in those parts, and Pulitzer Prize Winner, and "This Is the Enemy," another book on Germany by Frederick Oechsner and four of his United Press associates. Reynal and Hitchcock and Little, Brown are the respective publishers. One of our correspondents swears that on the day that the *Gripsholm* landed its evacuees from Tokyo, a lady agent grew so agitated at the sight of so many prospective clients that she fell off the dock into the Hudson River. Probably he was exaggerating, but please let us have our dreams . . . Most exciting book of the month is W. L. White's "They Were Expendable," which drew raves from every critic but Isabel Paterson. The latter's report was not quite up to the standard of her recent code messages on Russia. . . . We lean over backward in our attempt to show no undue favoritism to our own Random House books in this column, but in all fairness to Cecil Brown, we must toss a little haberdashery into the air over his "Suez to Singapore," due on October 22. His chapters on the sinking of the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* and the subsequent fall of Singapore made our hair stand on end. . . .

JOHN COLLIER, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, gives some surprising facts in "The Changing Indian," a new publication of the University of Oklahoma Press. Mr. Collier, no one for vague generalities, avers that there are now 350,397 Indians in the United States, and that this represents an increase of thirty-four per cent over the 1890 tabulations; 153,993 are full-blood. Some tribes, notably the Dakotas and the Cherokees, are more numerous today than when the white man first encroached upon their territory, and many reservations are becoming overcrowded. Indians have always fascinated us. Our favorite ball player when we were a kid was "Chief" Meyers, the Giant catcher. The fans used to war-whoop every time he strode up to the plate. War-whoops are lots of fun, even when they are delivered with a Bronx accent. Maybe you have heard the story of Mrs. Lapidus who saw an honest-to-God Indian for the first time in her life at a basket-weaving exhibition at Wanamaker's. "Is it true dot you are a real, one hundred per cent Indian?" she asked him. "Ugh," affirmed the Indian affably. "My, my!" mused Mrs. Lapidus. "How do you like our country?" . . .

BENNETT CERF.

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The Mysticism of Rilke

SONNETS TO ORPHEUS. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by M. D. Herter Norton. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1942. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE ZABRISKIE

WRITTEN during the same peak of creative achievement which produced the "Duino Elegies," the "Sonnets to Orpheus" are Rilke's profound embodiment of a hymn of praise to the great praiser, Orpheus, and "his spirit in all things" as well as a memorial to Wera Ouckama Knoop, who died in her twentieth year. The two are not unrelated: the song of Orpheus, which moved all nature, became part of nature; and the dancing of Wera, could, for Rilke, undergo the same transformation.

Rilke's Orpheus, like his God, was created afresh in his poems. He did not ignore the tradition of the myth, but he recreated it into an altered pattern. The legendary Dionysiac aspect of Orpheus is largely ignored: the god becomes instead the perfect poet and the spirit of all poetry. True, this conception seems not fundamentally different from the tradition of English poetry, but Rilke uses it in a context so laden with his own concepts and imagery that the older convention seems almost irrelevant here.

Much criticism on the subject of Rilke's mysticism, and his own attitude toward his later writing has served to obscure the essential clarity of the poems themselves. If one spends as much time with Rilke's idioms as one would with the idiom of a contemporary science, his meanings become perfectly clear. But the reader unwilling to spend some small labor on the poems will derive no more from them than he would from any other complex body of ideas approached without preparation. To this end, Mrs. Norton's notes serve admirably, although they are but the briefest and most compact groundwork.

Like the "Duino Elegies," the "Sonnets to Orpheus" represent the phenomenon of a poet divorced from his immediate cultural matrix. It is not without significance that Adolf Hitler was already working on the small beginnings of his career at the very time when Rilke was finishing the two works which stand as the towers of his spiritual edifice. Even in this realm, Rilke was an individualist, a spiritual poet, rather than religious, he worked away from, and not into, a metaphysical tradition. In his gradual formulation of a personal God, a personal life, and a personal death, he was revolting from the collective chaos implicit in his time and made explicit by violence since then. To be unable to accept the cultural context of his time demanded a new and personal identification with the cosmos, which, once made, enabled him to approach the world afresh.

Although he could not, like Stefan George, offer a quasi-political faith, he had something of greater value: a moving extension of human experience. He was aware that the world was headed for its present chaos, and the Elegies and Sonnets represent his hard, spiritual struggle for ultimate order, just as "Mein Kampf" represents a materialistic approach to ultimate disorder. It is not impossible that in the years to come the poet, and not the politician, of Germany will be borne out in reality: that the long aftermath of war will bring about the spiritual reassessment which Rilke sought.

Mrs. Norton's translation is highly functional, and from it a reader without German can doubtless obtain a better knowledge of the Sonnets than by any other available means short of learning the original language. Despite its minor faults of rendition, hers is the best translation of the work that this reviewer has seen. One sometimes is puzzled by the curious twists she gives to individual phrases; the form she has chosen gives her as much opportunity to avoid such pitfalls as would a prose translation. However, her hybrid between verse and prose translation generally has the merit of obscuring only a minimum of the meaning, and for those with even small German the original text is printed facing its translation.

Unfortunately, the lyric element has not fared nearly so well as the content: in fact, it is quite lost in many of the poems. The most unhappy example of a broken-down lyric is the last sonnet of the second part, which concludes the entire sequence. It was undoubtedly difficult (but no more so than the translation of any other of Rilke's later poems) yet one feels that it is very far below her usual standard. Yet whatever the errors of these translations may be, they are likely to become the standard English version by virtue of their generally honest workmanship.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

BATTLES CELEBRATED IN POETRY

Poetic passages describing battles are submitted this week by Mr. Edmond W. Rickett, of New York City. You are to name the battle, and then either the poem or the poet who wrote the lines. Allowing 6 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 72 is good, 84 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. You have read
   How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
   How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
   From behind each fence and farmyard wall . . .

2. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
   The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
   Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
   And swiftly forming in the ranks of war . . .

3. Upon Saint Crispin's day
   Fought was this noble fray,
   Which Fame did not delay
   To England to carry.

4. Now's the day, and now's the hour;
   See the front o' battle lour;
   See approach proud Edward's power—
   Chains and slavery!

5. Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France today;
   And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

6. God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

7. Cannon to right of them,
   Cannon to left of them,
   Cannon in front of them
   Volleyed and thundered.

8. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
   Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
   And louder than the bolts of heaven
   Far flashed the red artillery.

9. "But what they fought each other for
   I could not well make out;
   But everybody said," quoth he,
   "That 'twas a famous victory."

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Hale . . .

THE PRODIGAL WOMEN. By Nancy Hale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 704 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MISS HALE'S own prodigality in length, conversation, detail, and repetition makes it a little difficult to state the theme of her novel. She has more than one, each of equal importance to her. There is the Boston theme, that same Boston which refused to let Mr. Apley marry his Irish lass or Mr. Pulham his Marvin. It is, in this story, the Boston that leads the confused and unpleasant artist Lambert Rudd to wonder what he'd have been if he'd been born elsewhere: "We stink as people. We might have been perfectly decent if we hadn't been fighting something ever since we were born. If we'd lived in some normal, easy sort of place. We excrete all the wrong juices. We're all uncoördinated for coping with life on an easy basis." It is the Boston that turns Leda March, whom Miss Hale rather fancies, from a potential snob into so perfect a specimen of the breed that she can end by finding only her own society fit to live in. It is the Boston which drives one of the few likable characters to despair and suicide: "I don't know how the hell to act to a Yankee," bursts out poor Tom Jekyll, whose family has dragged him from a comfortable little town in Virginia to the solid respectability of Hampton, just outside of Boston, "Nobody gets mad up here, that's just what's the matter, those God damned, pawky, smooth-talking bastards that never get mad."

Then there is the Age of Waste theme. Miss Hale's dubious decade is, however, not the conventional one. She chooses 1925-35. The years 1929-33 seem to have made no difference, but after all, the prodigality that most concerns her has little to do with time, but with the Sex theme, or the eternal War Between Men and Women. On this subject Mr. Thurber is shorter and funnier, but Miss Hale is far more explicit. Her three prodigals are Maizie Jekyll, Betsy Jekyll, and Leda March. Maizie wastes her substance on Lambert March, who ruins her life. Betsy winds up several years of life in New York as a career girl by marrying a renegade Catholic from her own home town, Tom Wolfe-ishly unappeasable in his appetites and unpredictable in his alternation between wild outbursts of violence and sadism and penitential moments of kindness and tenderness. She takes it and loves it. Leda March, in love with Lambert, makes a correct marriage which fails, but as she gives nothing to anybody, presumably her prodigality lies in perversely hoarding what she might have given. Miss Hale never quite convinces us, however, that Leda had anything at all to give. Not even being born in Boston is a good enough alibi for her egocentricity.

Single incidents are handled with much skill. Miss Hale is wonderfully deft, too, in pointing up a place, a character, or a situation. Leda March, analyzing her friend Nicola's successful marriage, decides that it was made of little things, "a nickname for your husband, plenty of money, a good forehand stroke at tennis . . . little dinners with terribly good food and highballs afterwards from expensive crystal glasses." But not great love. "Great love . . . could not possibly be fitted into such a chic apartment as this, it would knock over all the little tables." Betsy is looking at the great Mrs. Starr. It was, she thought, "as if she were looking at the Taj Mahal, only much more so, for the Taj Mahal was on view to the public."

Miss Hale is equally clever in catching special inflections of speech, notably of her Southern family who, if she had been willing to throw out most of her Bostonians in their behalf, would have ranked among the genuine comic creations of modern fiction. Especially Minnie May, indomitable mother of the tribe, who engineered her family's disastrous move to Boston, and whose bland refusal to admit the superiority of any Yankee blueblood over a Green from Virginia is given in her sincere judgment that those apparently stiff Bostonians are "just people. They're just real shy, and real scared . . . They'd like to be like Southerners but they don't know how."

If the rest of the book were handled with an equally light touch, if the connections between the stories of the three women were less crudely made, if Miss Hale had eliminated half of the tiresome repetition in the unhappy love-life and mental breakdown of Maizie and most of the male-female earth-mother bunk in the relationship between Betsy and Hector, she would have achieved the kind of novel readers of her compact shorter pieces had been led to expect. As it stands, she has included too much to give genuine life to her characters, her obsession with the sex struggle becomes monotonous, and her mechanical structure is oddly clumsy for so accomplished a writer. Her principal defect, however, lies in uncertain judgments about her own characters. Most of them, though she does not seem to know it, are pretty awful.

STORM JAMESON

Then We Shall Hear Singing

The theme of this powerful novel is that free man cannot be enslaved, even if he will, for in the end forces even stronger than themselves will burst their shackles.

Rounding out Miss Jameson's fine commentary in fiction on the current world crisis (begun in "Europe to Let") it has the same combination of spiritual value, entertainment and superb literary style which has particularly marked this series.

all bookstores • $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 Fifth Avenue New York

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Goudge . . .

THE BLUE HILLS. By Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 288 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RICHARD ELLIS

WELL, if I put my neck out, I put my neck out—this is the best book written about children for unstuffy, ageless adults and for imaginative children since Kenneth Grahame wrote "The Wind in the Willows." I don't say Miss Goudge is as good as Mr. Grahame was in "The Golden Age." Where he had an odd toughness, she has a gentle resilience. But her children are as real as his, as carelessly, carefully inhabitants of their own world, even if they are merciful to the world of grown-ups. Henrietta, for instance, didn't want to ride in Mrs. Jameson's old victoria: but she did ride in it, and was nice to her because Mrs. Jameson's husband had been eaten by cannibals and "Grandfather had told her that one must be very kind to people whose relations have been eaten by cannibals because of course they feel very sad." I'd lost my heart to Henrietta before this incident, but that clinched it.

There's everything in this story—magic, malice, lovely carelessness, a curmudgeon (how rare they've become—all in Washington (D. C.) or Westminster (England) I suppose!—a saint, a pomposity converted, a positiveness corrected—and a birthday feast of that miraculous kind which is better, instead of worse, when most of the guests, asked to tea, don't arrive until supper time. The book is fanciful, is adventurous, is loving and tonic; and all parents and uncles should buy two copies, one to keep for Thanksgiving, one to give away at Christmas. There is only one regrettable error—only to be forgiven because of Miss Goudge's sex. The Dean, a proud and knowledgeable man, when he finds the miraculous meal, says as he drinks from the horn mug, that beer is "the modern equivalent of an ancient drink called mead."

GOOD READING:

The Challenge of the Greek
by T. R. Glover $2.75

"A charm of whimsical enlightenment gives a special flavor to his book."—*N. Y. Times Bk Rev*

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS
MACMILLAN

Richard Sullivan

When I knew Wells—I beg Miss Goudge's pardon, Torminster—when the automobile was new (as it is in "The Blue Hills") not a verger, let alone a Dean, would have confused those two heroic tipples. I suppose when Miss Goudge lived in the close, her father gave her negus.

Howard . . .

TOMORROW'S HERO. By Mary Howard. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 272 *pp.* $2.

LIGHT and trivial, romantic in a fashion that one had thought to have gone out with heroines in riding-habits, "Tomorrow's Hero" is one more of those articles manufactured to suit the craving of some portion of the reading public which must, alas, be very naive in its taste, and very, very anxious to escape. The scene is laid in England today, and the war is mentioned quite often, but any other war—Crimean, Boer, trouble in the Soudan—would have done just as well, and have served rather better, really, to turn the wheels of the plot. There is a strong, silent man and a charming, sensible heroine, a spoiled wounded boy being nursed back to health in a Gothic manor-house, a scheming high-born mother, and a pretty nurse. The hero and heroine, who fall in love in the first chapter, are kept apart with some difficulty by the author until the last page. The complications of the plot are rather foolish and artificial and there is always an odd feeling of an old-fashioned, three-volume novel atmosphere hovering at the back of one's mind.

C. C.

Sullivan . . .

SUMMER AFTER SUMMER. By Richard Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS is an odd little novel, odd, paradoxically, because of its complete devotion to the commonplace and ordinary. The author seems determined to give us a plain, unvarnished tale of a dullish, middle-class American couple without either prettifying his materials or stressing the sordid. To some readers this drab narrative of a dry-goods store clerk and his somewhat sluggish wife, living almost meanly and gracelessly in a pokey four-room cottage on twenty-five dollars a week, may seem depressing; to others it may give a lift of spirit, for they may find here what they like to think is the American way of life: a sense of independence (excluding the economic), fairly pleasant work under a fairly pleasant boss, the old, old human pattern of husband and wife and children, hope for an improved future, availability even to the poor of physical comforts and gadgets. During the progress of the novel we impatiently share with Eddie and Anna Nails the almost intolerable tedium of the last seven months of Anna's pregnancy. Finally the child is safely born (as is usually the case) and all the big and little fears are proved groundless. For all its commonplaceness "Summer after Summer" has one mark of originality: the nervous and finally terrified expectant father is treated sympathetically, not as an object of mirth.

The novel is completely realistic and objective, and quite without satire. Eddie Nails never even thinks out of character, and is denied the gaudy dreams Sinclair Lewis awards to Mr. Wrenn and H. G. Wells gives to his underdogs. The merciless employment of exact detail almost makes the book a clinical study of John and Mary Doe of Middletown. When Anna goes to the grocery we must be told the contents of every shelf, counter, and rack. When a character walks down a business street, we must peer with him into every shop window, note every detail of sidewalk debris, hear every noise of traffic, wind, etc. In the hospital we are spared no odor or sound. It is all done accurately and skillfully, with many fresh and pungent figures of speech. The proper worth of such extravagant, if exact, use of detail is questionable. Certainly "Summer after Summer" cannot be recommended to those readers whose tastes in fiction run to Dumas, Stevenson, and Sabatini; in spite of the old saw, they know that fiction is often more strange and wonderful than truth.

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Kroll . . .

THE RIDER ON THE BRONZE HORSE. By Harry Harrison Kroll. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by E. P. O'DONNELL

THIS novel might have been a moving, humorous, or tragic study of a modern southern demagogue driven by low or sentimental passion to become the holder of an office, and hence truly representative of the host of gross boors that holds office down here today. But Mr. Kroll has muffed his chance. Though he is dealing with a country and a people that possess all the elements of tragedy, he gives us only well-meant melodrama. As for humor, what could be funnier than the antics of a southern rural politician full of vast appetites, energy, and low cunning? Yet in all Mr. Kroll's 300-odd pages, the closest approach to humor is a certain slick facetiousness that is at once inept and condescending. As a picture of a man the book is fuzzy and indecisive, and its numerous arid spaces where nothing is carefully planted and nothing quite comes to fruit nullify whatever virtues it might have as a study of a region.

The author ignores or hesitantly minces around the burning questions of the south. Where does Eli Arn stand on the Negro question? What does he really think of the lingering attitude of veneration toward southern womanhood? What is his feeling about the social problems that rank next to the war in importance? And if people really talk as his characters talk in this volume, using such expressions as, "Right smart great man," and, "I work the fool out of myself," and, "But what in the nation do you have to go around keeping something stirred up?" and, "I'm not gun-shy of sweat," then, one can only grumble that people up in that country talk a curious tongue.

I have the feeling that if Eli Arn could come alive he would complain of having been gypped. He was rightly conceived, but was never permitted to be born. True, there is much passionate language, some of it phrased in an irritating mixture of big city slang, hillbilly jargon, and snuff advertising copy; but this is not Eli Arn's language. It is Mr. Kroll's. On those rare occasions when one feels Eli is about to enter the scene, there stands his creator barring his path and interrupting his plea for a hearing.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Henry Beetle Hough

Hough . . .

ALL THINGS ARE YOURS. By Henry Beetle Hough. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1942. 340 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES RODELL

THIS second novel is disappointing after last year's "The Lofty Sky," a shrewd story of a Nazi deserter who finally prefers the straight path to the double cross; and it lacks the saltiness and sharpness of Hough's "Country Editor," a personal record of newspaper publishing on Martha's Vineyard. "All Things Are Yours" tells the story of a New England choir girl who yearns to sing in grand opera, and of a rough, uneducated professional diver who craves wealth and power. Although the two are strongly attracted to each other, the novelist manages, with considerable difficulty, to prevent their marriage during the thirty years of the narrative. Finally the heroine dies after each has been unhappily married and has realized the near emptiness of their success. But the final note is not entirely one of frustration. After the sentimental death scene we are told of Joe's sense of loss, his questioning of values of material wealth and power. ". . . better, far better, to have stayed as he was. Then he laughed ruefully to himself, 'I'm not such a goddam fool as to think that.'" This juxtaposition of sentiment and cynicism is characteristic of the hugger-mugger plot and of the uncertain attitude of the novelist toward his materials.

The prime weakness of the novel, however, is in the characters. Not only are Charlotte and Joe incompletely realized, they are dull as well; and their dullness does not amuse us as does Babbitt's, or horrify us as does that of Lardner's lowbrows—it bores us. We are not concerned over Charlotte's unexciting musical and amatory conquests, or boorish Joe's phenomenal rise to wealth, although both are credible, particularly Joe's "luck" in the heyday of the robber barons. Moreover the novel is not well written; only occasionally does a descriptive phrase or observation rise above the commonplace.

It is not completely banal, however; one keeps on reading, for the tedious characters are involved in a swift sequence of astonishing and romantic adventures that sweep them from Puritan New England to the Wild West, Boston, Chicago, Paris, St. Petersburg, Milan, New York, Washington, and Java. Especially convincing are the backgrounds and feel of the author's native New England, of fashionable Paris in the allegedly gay nineties, and of Milan when aspiring singers from all over the world labored, hoped, and despaired in the teasing shadow of La Scala.

Jeanne McGahey, young poet of Oakland, California, has received the 1942-1943 Albert M. Bender Grant-in-Aid for Literature. The grant, which carries a stipend of $750.00 for this year, was open to all writers of Central California.

By Hermann Hagedorn

SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED

In this singularly engaging little biography, Mr. Hagedorn has caught the flavor and charm of the young aviator-poet, John Magee, whose sonnet, *High Flight*, is universally put among the finest poems to come out of the second World War.

From his letters, deftly woven into the story, one gets a vivid impression of a radiant personality.

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U. S. Army, 1942

OUR NEW ARMY. By Marshall Andrews. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1942. 225 pp. $1.50.

Reviewed by
COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

THIS is the report Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public, No. 41 Primrose Path, Anytown, U.S.A., have been awaiting. This is the book which will cause numerous public relations officers, if they read it—and they should, by order if necessary—to rise and remark: "Why couldn't *I* have seen this healthy type of feature stuff in my camp?"

Marshall Andrews, reporter, touring training centers, has looked on our Army, has set down his reactions in plain newspaper English. Lacking, praise be, are three things—"cheesecake" art, ballyhoo, and "expert" opinion. This is the story of the 1942 fighting Army of the United States, handhewn by professional soldiers from our national timber. Mr. Andrews likes what he has seen and makes no bones about it. His report to the nation is encouraging. It fills the Regular Army man with just pride. Let's take some random dips.

The Infantry—"No sooner are they dismissed than they scatter through the woods, looking for a place to swim, playing baseball, chasing razorback hogs, or taking a busman's holiday just walking. They have reeled off eighteen miles over macadam and sand as a matter of course. They are hard and tough and ready."

The Field Artillery—". . . the Field Artillery Replacement Center has produced more than 50,000 artillerymen, not recruits with the rough edges knocked off, but gunners, cannoneers, truck drivers, radio and telephone operators, motor and gun mechanics, trained and ready to take their places in the gun crews of the proudest field artillery regiments in the Army."

Air Force bombers—"They are undergraduates in organized destruction . . . Every flight they make is a training flight for every member of the crew."

Paratroops—". . . are infighters of the fiercest kind. They must be first-class fighting men first of all! their specially equipped airplanes and their parachutes are simply a means of placing them where they can fight inside an enemy's guard and tie him in knots before he knows what hit him."

Marshall Andrews

Labor's assistance in mass production—" 'Some day,' said a redheaded young electrician who used to wire houses before he learned to wire B-24s, 'this here plane will do something big somewhere. The Army knows where she was built and they'll let us know what she did. I'll be mighty proud to remember her as she stands right now and I know I had a hand in it.' "

And so on, *ad infinitum*. A good story, a true story, worth the reading by every American, both in and out of uniform. It should be a "must" for all new-made officers, who cannot possibly have a grasp of what their huge fighting machine really is. As Andrews writes:—"Everything is not perfect today but only a chronic bellyacher would dwell on that. The progress picture is too big, the forward movement too thrilling. Brothers and sisters, Uncle Sam is getting himself an Army, I hope I can tell the story so that you will get half the kick I have had in my tour of the camps."

Brother Andrews, you did.

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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The Battle of Concord, in "Paul Revere's Ride," by Longfellow.
2. Waterloo, in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," by Byron.
3. "Agincourt," by Michael Drayton.
4. "Bannockburn," by Robert Burns.
5. "Ivry," by Lord Macaulay.
6. "The Revenge. A Ballad of the Fleet," by Tennyson.
7. Balaklava. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Tennyson.
8. "Hohenlinden," by Thomas Campbell.
9. "The Battle of Blenheim," by Robert Southey.

POLAND

(*Continued from page 3*)

The book tells of the killing of 10,000 persons in the city of Bydgoszcz alone, including the shooting of more than one hundred high school boys aged twelve to sixteen, seized in the streets. It tells of the daily executions of whole families in reprisal for the participation of one of their members in the struggle against their Nazi tormentors.

The records show that the Germans have killed in Poland about 400,000 civilians, men, women and children—since the conclusion of hostilities. The recently published figure of the total number of executions is put at about 200,000 Poles. This figure, compiled by official Polish sources, does not include the additional 200,000 Jews killed by various methods. For reasons not quite comprehensible to this reviewer, the number of Jews killed is kept apart by the Polish government from the number of Poles killed in Poland.

No one should read the "Black Book of Poland," which will be an eternal black spot on the German nation, before going to sleep unless his nerves are of iron. The book abounds with photographs of men hanging in public squares, with German soldiers near the scaffold to watch that the corpse should dangle long enough for the purpose of terrorization. Posters are reproduced announcing in German and in Polish that "the widow Eugenia Wlodarz and the College student Elisabeth Zahorska were executed for having torn down a [Nazi propaganda] poster, which is equivalent to military sabotage." The book brings reports with full names of villages in which all inhabitants were driven into a few buildings which then were burned down with all their occupants. It describes how hospitals, if needed by the German army, were evacuated by very simple procedures. A few Gestapo men were sent into one to shoot every patient, whereupon the doctors were ordered to remove the bodies. Another they filled with poison gas. Among the 400 patients "removed" by this method in one of these hospitals, were forty crippled children.

Then, only recently, Germany announced that second and third cousins and persons related only by marriage, such as brothers-in-law, would be executed if one member of their family has taken part in acts against the Germans. Consequently the reports of the mass extermination of the Jews in Poland will probably soon cease, because there will be no Jews left. Hitler has

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made no secret of his intention to exterminate all Jews in Europe and—in America—afterwards. They are being exterminated by letting them freeze to death, and starve to death, by tightly locking them in closed big trucks and turning the exhaust pipe inside so that they are suffocated by monoxide gas. But there are still twenty million Poles who cannot be exterminated fast enough for the Germans and so the present and potential intellectual and political leaders are first on the agenda of destruction. All schools above elementary have been closed and the teachers and professors deported, forced to the lowest and most repulsive or dangerous menial slave labor, or killed. The book gives the names of 170 prominent scientists and professors who have been seized and have since disappeared. No Pole can follow a liberal profession, and the women, if they are young, healthy, and attractive, are simply kidnapped, preferably from the houses of the educated, and sent to German brothels for the amusement of the Nazi soldiers on the Western front. The Gestapo men, particularly, select the wives and daughters of the former Polish officers. Specific details are given in the report, reprinted in the book, of Poland's Primate, the Cardinal Hlond, which he submitted to the Pope. The terrific humiliation and despair totally breaks the spirit of the men concerned, or drives them to individual acts of desperation, which in turn, the Nazis avenge on whole families and their distant relatives. The United Nations, before they were called the United Nations, neglected the idea of collective security, but the Germans invented and apply the new policy of "collective responsibility."

During the previous World War reports on German atrocities in Belgium, France, and Serbia were vehemently denied and contradicted by most of the soft-hearted liberals in this country. Even official British government reports supported by photographs and letters found on killed or captured German soldiers were declared frauds. Liberal minds, apparently, could not believe that such a civilized nation as Germany, a country without illiterates, could commit such atrocities. Even the official German "Weissbuch" about the civilian snipers in Belgium, intended to whitewash their crimes, admitted that the German army was killing hostages taken in towns and villages from which shots were allegedly fired at German soldiers after the regular Belgian army had left. Nor did the admission that men, women, and children were killed during the mass executions of hostages convince our liberals.

Nor were they convinced, apparently, when an Italian named Mussolini, who ought to know, wrote in his daily *Il Popolo d'Italia* (April 29, 1915):

> For the Germans, those thieves and incendiaries who mutilate infants and rape women; for the Germans who are able to gloat over the sinking of a ship filled with innocent passengers; for the Germans who use poison gas, mercy would be treason to one's country and to mankind . . . A war of extermination must be met by a war of extermination.

Our liberals ignored the existence and the wide circulation of books and pamphlets published by the Pan-Germanists and their forerunners for half a century who were preaching conquest and total Germanization of foreign lands from California down to Patagonia, and from Holland to the Volga.

But the evidence is now too overwhelming to be questioned. This evidence, it must be emphasized, is by no means a jerry-built affair. Indeed, it reaches back almost a hundred years into German history. The gospel of extermination of other nations to make room for the German *Herrenvolk* is older than Germany itself. As far back as 1843, when there was no Germany, but some three dozen powerless German kingdoms and principalities, German professors were preaching foreign conquests and total "extinction" (their own expression) of the natives, and Germanization of the conquered countries. One of the founders of German geographic science, Professor Dr. Wappaeus, wrote in 1843 that if Germany occupied California and Uruguay "we could completely Germanize these regions within fifteen years." Fifty and sixty years ago Germans were speaking of "Deutsch-Brazilien" when referring to the southern regions of Brazil, in which many Germans had settled. To them it was then already a South American "Sudetenland."

At that time, however, science was not so far advanced as today and the conception of Germanization meant generally the slow process of absorption of the natives by imposing the German language and destroying all native culture. But with the increase of their power and their growing megalomania they no longer felt it necessary to hide their intentions. Numerous publications of the Pan-Germanists and their successors became quite outspoken. One of such widely read books was Joseph Ludwig Reimer's: *"Ein Pangermanisches Deutschland: Versuch uber die Konsequenzen der wissenschaftlichen Rassenbetrachtungen für unsere politischen und religiosen Probleme"* ("A Pan-Germanist Germany: An essay on the logical conclusions of the present scientific race theories for our religious and political problems." Berlin, 1905, Verlag Luckhard). In this book, which had several editions, the author gave his compatriots what he considered the perfect formula on how to exterminate a na-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE PRIVATE EYE *Cleve F. Adams* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Tough detective Shannon takes on case in Western mining town where sudden death is order of day.	Lurid yarn of warring mining interests, crooked cops, and grafting politicos with Shannon outsmarting them at their own game.	Hair-trigger stuff
THE BANCOCK MURDER CASE *A. B. Cunningham* (E. P. Dutton: $2.)	Strangling of girl in Southern mining town introduces mountain sheriff Roden to some strange characters.	Good local color, some exciting situations, interesting if slightly overdrawn people, and a thrilling though rather obvious solution.	Fair enough
THE BLACK THUMB *C. and G. Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Brother and sister fatally chopped in hospital rooms. Police, doctor, and young nurse join forces.	Great deal of good comedy, some shivery situations, engaging heroine, care-free medico, and competently handled plot.	Enjoyable

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JEAN POINDEXTER COLBY, *Editor*
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tion. On page 165 of his book, he says:

> We are going to make short shrift of the Slavic tribes, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Slovenes, and partly of the Poles. Due to their proximity and the great danger of blood intermixture, we will have to accelerate the process of expropriation and imposition of childlessness on them. France could, for awhile, be included in the realm of German civilization.

On Page 159 of his book we read:

> . . . non-German labor colonists would be placed *extra-connubium* and among them *childlessness should be enforced by every available means.* (Emphasis by Reimer)

On Page 162:

> It is positively the simplest solution if within the territory of the Reich the expansion of the Germans is balanced by the extinction of the non-Germans [emphasis by Reimer, who also uses the English words extinction and expansion].

Reimer also gives precise instructions how to enforce childlessness on the conquered and subjugated: by enforced sterilization, or, to be exact, by "induced sclerosis of the epidydymis" of all males, and even more drastic methods (to be applied with catgut) on the females. Thus the theory of the total extinction of a nation or a people is nothing new in Germany. What Hitler does is only to apply in practice the teaching of those German professors who for eighty years have been forming the minds of the German youth. A recent Nazi decree forbade Poles to marry, and Polish women to have children, without a permit. Any woman discovered pregnant without the special permit is subjected to compulsory abortion.

There are now two schools of German political thought. One advises the transformation of all subject nations into slaves of the German Herrenvolk, while the other insists on their extermination, to make room, on the emptied soil, for the expanding pure Germans. They claim that the existence of surrounding subject nationalities is dangerous due to the possibility of contamination of the master race by inferior blood, which, in turn, may bring about their own ultimate racial disappearance.

In the issue of June 2, 1942 of the *Zeitschrift fur Politik,* a publication voicing the official opinion of the masters of the master race, Herr Werner Best, one of the luminaries of Nazi political science, writes in an article entitled "Grossraumordnung and Grossraumverwaltung" (Order and Administration in the Larger Vital Space):

> Historical experience has shown that the destruction and elimination of a foreign nationality is not in the least contrary to the laws of life, provided that such destruction and elimination are complete.
>
> On the other hand it is inadvisable and even perilous for the nation of overlords to attempt to deprive a conquered nation of its national unity and its national characteristics while simultaneously attempting to use the human element of that foreign nation for its own purposes. All nations who use foreign nationalities as servants and slaves die out racially through fusion with them.

Just as during the Spanish Civil War the Spanish people served the Germans as guinea pigs on which to experiment with the destructive efforts of their dive-bomber tactics, so today the Polish nation is for the Germans the laboratory specimen for the testing of these two theories of German "science": Enslavement of the Poles and the attempt to change them into an inferior race of Untouchables; or their extermination in accordance with another military expression with which the Nazi German General Staff improved on Dydendorff's "Total War." This new expression, now often used in their military publications, is *Vernichtungs-Sieg*—annihilation victory.

Ingenious fellows these Germans. We still have much to learn from them.

THE *Nation* Announces—

A SPECIAL NATION SUPPLEMENT ON MARTIN DIES—published on October 3. The Nation tells the complete story of the Congressional committee which began as a third-rate political circus but swiftly developed into a first-rate menace to democratic processes. How information on fascist groups has gathered dust in the committee files while Mr. Dies and his colleagues have chased headlines from Washington to Texas. Profiles of the committee members themselves and of the rogues' gallery of ex-convicts, labor spies, and "confidence" men who have helped them libel this country's staunchest liberals.

•

A BIGGER NATION AND A NEW DEPARTMENT—Adding four pages to its regular 32-page issues, The Nation, this month, began the publication of a new weekly section, Political War, edited by J. Alvarez del Vayo. This presents reports from all the countries fighting the Axis, and from neutral countries as well, not as isolated news items but interpreted and related to the struggle against fascism. It will examine methods of propaganda and the best utilization of the democratic forces for victory. It will combat every effort of capitulationists and appeasers to compromise the hope of a people's peace.

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ALSO A SPECIAL LABOR ISSUE—planned for early fall and doubled in size, which will deal frankly with the issues that now confront trade unions and examine proposals that might serve as a basis for achieving organic unity within the labor movement. It will show the role that labor can play in reorganizing our production front on a total war footing and analyze methods of strengthening the working relationship between labor and the national administration for the common cause of a democratic victory and a democratic peace.

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VILLAGE IN AUGUST is steadily gaining a wide American audience. Originally written in the popular tongue fostered by former Ambassador Hu Shih, it has been superbly translated by an American scholar who was interned by the Japanese because of his sympathies. There was a large printing before publication. New printings since then testify to its welcome by Americans who know a great book when they see one:

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Unquenchable courage shines in this story of simple farmers turned warriors . . . of men and women who remain human even when they must be ruthless."

N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS: "It has an impact all its own. . . . Not merely a tale of men at war, but a record of men and women who live close to the elements and always in terms of extremes—great hungers, great appetites, sudden death."

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VILLAGE IN AUGUST

By T'IEN CHÜN

$2.50, Smith & Durrell, Inc., New York

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The Phoenix Nest

The Poet, L. A. G. Strong

TEN years ago there came forth a book of verse by an Irishman which we were looking over the other day, liked the more we read in it, and realized that, from the books that went to make it, our mind in the past had stored about four short poems it will take us long to forget. The book is L. A. G. Strong's "Selected Poems" (Knopf), culled from his separate books, "Dublin Days," "The Lowery Road," "Difficult Love," and "Northern Light." The poems we have long remembered are all short, and we can quote them all here, for that reason; but then again several of the longer poems are very good indeed, notably, "The Ballad of the Painter," whom his friends the birds and animals ate in the end to good effect, and "Talk at the Inn," which is dedicated to an American poet, John Gould Fletcher. Strong is one of the poets of the day who can use dialect with great effectiveness. It does not seem, surely, an Irish dialect that makes the poem "Zeke" so memorable —in fact, we do not know just where to place it—but here is the brief poem, and you can judge for yourselves:

ZEKE

Gnarly and bent and deaf's a pos'
Pore ole Ezekiel Purvis
Goeth crippin' slowly up the 'ill
To the Commoonion Survis.

And tappy tappy up the haisle
Goeth stick and brassy ferrule:
And Passon 'ath to stoopy down
An' 'olley in ees yerole.

We shall be glad if any of our readers can identify the dialect. To us that is one of the most richly satisfying humorous poems we have ever read. Strong has a great sympathy for the rustic character, for the laboring man. Another flash of his humor is in the first poem of the book, which, to be sure, is Irish in every fibre:

THE BREWER'S MAN

Have I a wife? Bedam I have!
But we was badly mated:
I hit her a great clout one night,
And now we're separated.

And mornin's going to my work,
I meets her on the quay:
'Good mornin' to ye, ma'am,' says I;
'To hell with ye,' says she.

Strong tells us that his first book appeared in 1922. He has collected yearly anthologies of the magazine work of other poets, like Thomas Moult; good anthologies they have been, too! One of his most agreeable poems of memory is "The Forty-Foot: A Retrospect," about the great swimmers there were in his youth, that would start in the Club handicap. But there is another brief memory that gives one a start. As it has what is known to the writing-boys as "literary significance," we will put it in here:

A MEMORY

When I was as high as that
I saw a poet in his hat.
I think the poet must have smiled
At such a solemn gazing child.

Now wasn't it a funny thing
To get a sight of J. M. Synge,
And notice nothing but his hat?
Yet life is often queer like that.

If you will get Strong's book, and it is one for your money, you will, however, find many poems of seriousness and beauty. We have also appreciated these, though we enjoy his particular kind of humor very much.

At the end of the book there are some poems of Scotland, of the west wind, and the Northern light, and the winter gull. They give you the feel of the north. I like his "fingering pale fires" of the Northern lights, and the "savage crests" of Seal Bay.

Thoughts in War-Time

Over by Gloucester, yesterday, the sea-spray was snow-white on the seal-brown rocks and the dark sea-line cut clear against the pale sky. By the side of the road were lavender New England asters and tousled goldenrod, bright red haws, and rusty sumach, and glossy green bushes. We stopped several times on the shore road to look at the sea; and through the rocks of the road, it seemed, we felt the vibration of coast guns firing somewhere to the north, some practice work or other. One could not tell from whence it came. But it reminded of war, while the ocean reminded of eternity, and even the sea's wildness brought a certain kind of peace to the spirit, so long intent on the terrible struggle for Stalingrad. Someone will probably write an epic of that great defense some day, one of the greatest in history—*the* greatest when one thinks of the mere weight of armament and numbers. War today has become the most terrible curse that ever visited a planet. That is why we must make it, for those bloody men who have wished it upon our world, a lesson their militarism will never forget. War seems far as we look out and note four blue and white pigeons in the shadow of a red chimney on a nearby roof. The morning is so peaceful that hardly a leaf stirs in the early Fall air. Yesterday there was that afternoon light on the marshes that always takes us back to our boyhood, when of all seasons we most loved the Fall. Sometimes in certain aspects of the fields of Autumn comes a strange foretaste of some imagined heaven, some place of free motion and joy and light. It goes again, but it leaves a memory.

Sometimes it seems incredible to be living in one of the great crucial times of history. History has a way of stealing up on one. Nothing is more reckless than Man. He plunges ahead with his dreams and schemes and ideas, until suddenly the accumulation of all he has planned and done so ill, confronts him with a crisis he had utterly failed to imagine. Then, deeply sobered for once, he meets the crisis with unimagined courage and—at great misery and loss—wins through to another era. We of the United States have yet to feel the immediacy of this war. We should have imagination enough to realize how actual it is, but most people have very little imagination. We even remember talking to an eminent Scandinavian librarian who had been in Germany and told us then, a few years ago, rather crossly that there was practically no disturbance. Those were the days when Hitler and the Nazis were planning unbelievable things, and had already started a sizeable pogrom; but because all seemed quiet on the streets of Berlin where he happened to walk, and he liked the country, and refused to notice anything wrong with it, our chance acquaintance got along well enough. We were rather taken aback by his emphatic gruffness, at the time, we remember. People see, we suppose, what they wish to see. Sometimes it takes a bomb right in their laps to make them see at all.

Nevertheless, we are not of those who are scolding their country now as though they were a lot of ruffled schoolteachers. This is a very big slow country. It gets under-weigh with a lot of stretching, after a lot of rumination. It is really going to work now, and when it gets started working it becomes just as intent upon that, as it was formerly intent upon being easy-going. The other nations, even our allies, have a hard time understanding the United States, because they are pretty homogeneous nationally, while we are no longer merely sons of England, but a great polyglot people. Perhaps modern Russia, as a union of different countries and peoples, comes the nearest to understanding us. This terrible War should bring our peoples together. Already it has crumbled a good many misconceptions between the Russian people and the English people. After all, it is the people that matter, for the people rule in the end. The dictators become too much to be borne, or have to mend their ways. Where people have a spirit of their own, and are not sheep, great things can be done in a country.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

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The Crostics Club

IN my files in New York, whither I am returning from a summer of research for DCs in the friendly Library of Williams College, are several clever poetical gems commenting on some phase of DCs. Fortunately I can hand along a few now. By way of introduction is this from our octogenarian friend, J. T. Hatfield, of Evanston, Ill.:

"Your logogriphic word-parade
Augments our verbal stock-in-trade:
In grateful praise we gladly join
For words you find—and words you coin." (A gross slander! say I.)

The following effusion is from C. P. Crumb, Upper Darby, Pa., preceded by this word of explanation: "In a vain effort to establish in my vocabulary certain words culled with sweat and tears by my wife and myself—I have attempted to apply them, Squeers fashion, in practical sentences. The sonority of the words at once suggested blank verse:

The o'erwrath Sheik has wrenched the wreathed sjambok
From forth the Raja's loathly-yielding hand,
And with his khepesh gleaming acerose
Th' encomic head from pyrrhous shoulders struck;
Anon he woos the fawn-eyed Sahibah,
As bloody Richard once did Edward's Ann,
With vows and lentenlilies like to lenify;
She first his onomastic suit disdains
With rhigosis; yet, like the fennec coy,
With idiopathetic ear alert,
Yields all too soon to unctuous onymy."

And this tribute, of a few years ago, from Martha F. Christ and Pauline Rosaire of Chicago who were so intrigued by the acquisition of the word *mugient* that they "burst into verse":

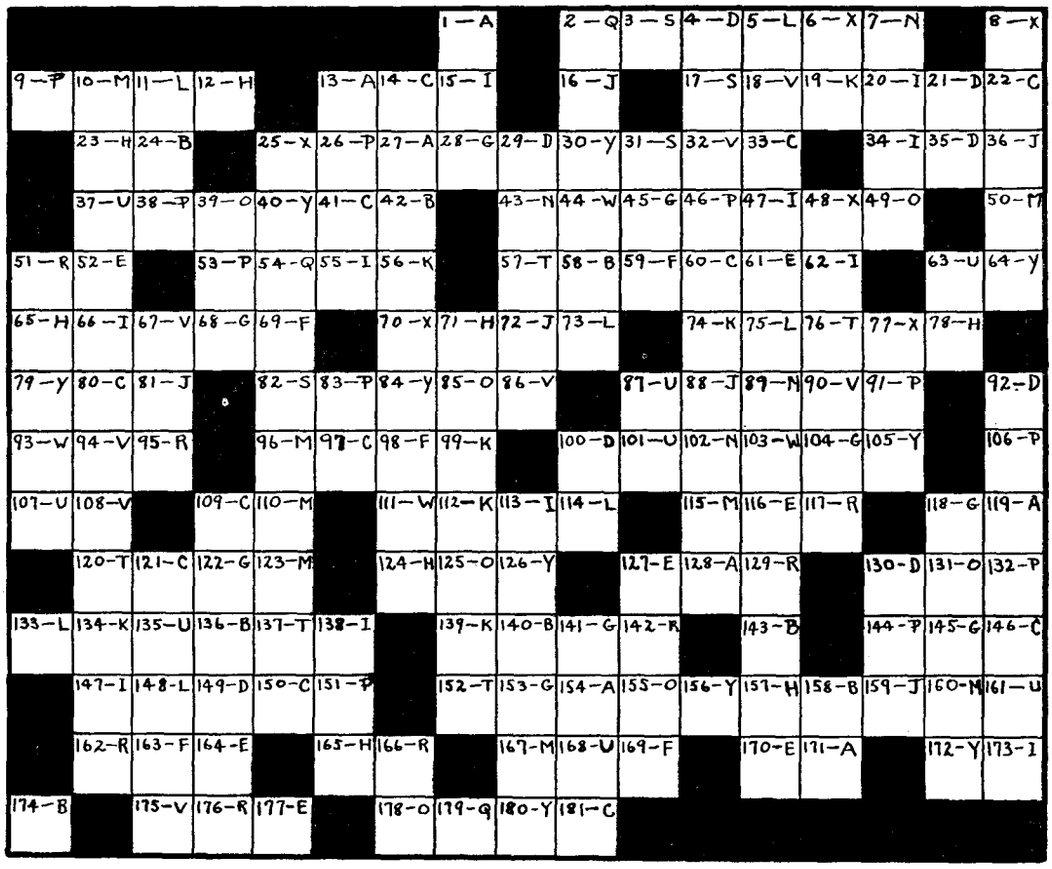
On a pleasant summer morn
The Mugient Cow stood sad forlorn
Wagging her osmiridium horn
And thinking 'twas well she had been born
The Mugient Cow.

A milkman clumping slowly by
Chanced the Mugient Cow to spy
"Saleable good for little I
(Unless the Mugient Cow's too shy)
Fair Mugient Cow!"

He hasted off for his tin pail
And though 'twas blowing quite a gale
With weep and many a wail
He soon had Grade A milk for sale
From the Mugient Cow.

I can't say too forcefully that I do try to be square with you. Yesterday I discarded *spotted* as a definition of *mottled* because it seemed misleading. I rarely give you literary characters not well known, although there are thousands at my disposal.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 445

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 6 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Vegetative substance of plants (Bot.)
B. Hawthorne's first novel (1828).
C. Exaggerate the truth (Colloq.; 4 wds.)
D. Development.
E. Frivolous.
F. Theban goddess likened to Athena.
G. Science of interpretation of the Scriptures.
H. Famous old Trail from Texas to Kansas.
I. Shabby (3 wds.)
J. River between Austria and Hungary (Hist. boundary.)
K. Poetic monody by Milton.
L. Something offensive to the sight.
M. Meeting for athletic contests, mainly racing.
N. Pestilential U. S. settlement ("Martin Chuzzlewit.")
O. Indulge in antics.
P. Work by Thomas Paine (with *The*).
Q. Slip or lapse.
R. Useful forage plant in So. Calif.
S. Fateful; oppressive.
T. Occurrence.
U. Aimlessly on the go.
V. To be insufficient (*of*) (2 wds.)
W. Observed with fixed attention.
X. To prize.
Y. Play by Bronson Howard (1888).

WORDS

154	128	13	171	119	27	1						
24	143	158	174	58	140	42	136					
150	22	121	146	97	80	41	60	33	109	14	181	
35	130	4	149	21	92	29	100					
116	170	177	61	52	127	164						
98	69	59	169	163								
28	153	145	45	104	118	141	122	68				
65	165	157	12	71	23	78	124					
55	15	20	66	138	47	113	34	173	147	62		
81	72	159	36	88	16							
74	99	19	134	56	112	139						
114	73	11	133	148	5	75						
167	110	96	10	123	50	160	115					
7	43	89	102									
49	85	39	155	125	131	178						
83	53	132	106	144	46	91	9	151	26	38		
179	54	2										
142	129	95	51	162	166	176	117					
17	31	82	3									
152	76	120	137	57								
161	37	135	101	63	168	107	87					
90	67	32	86	175	18	94	108					
44	111	93	103									
6	25	70	48	77	8							
172	30	64	126	79	84	105	180	156	40			

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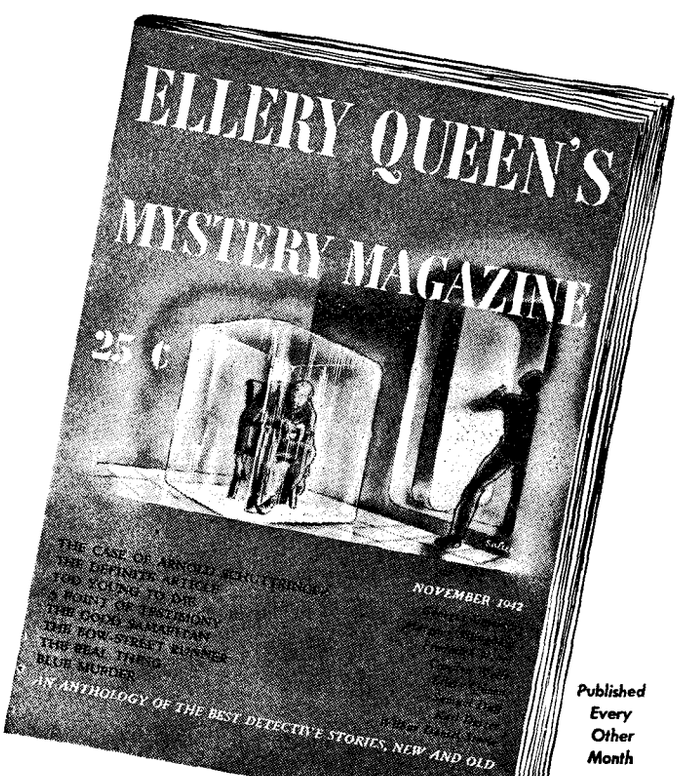

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